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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Washington conference was advertised to the world as a conference on the limitation of armaments. Now that it is nearing its end, it is proper to ask the following questions: Has the conference changed the status of chemical warfare by a single iota? Has it changed the status of the submarine as a weapon of war? Has it changed the status of aerial warfare? Has it made a single significant move towards the reduction of land-armies? Has it made a move towards the regulation of the unlimited private right to manufacture munitions and sell them? As far as our information goes, it has done none of these things. Well, then, how far has it kept to its advertised purpose? How far has it justified the expectations put upon it by the peoples who are sick of war, war-making, war-debts and war-preparations?

THESE matters—chemical warfare, submarine-warfare, land-armies and private munition-making—these, and not battleships, are the touchstone by which to try the sincerity of the conferees. Every mention of them, so far, has been a give-away. Great Britain wants the submarine abolished in the name of high morality and humanitarianism, as usual, but actually because she is peculiarly liable to that form of attack. France wants the submarine retained, obviously with a prudent eye to her future on the Mediterranean. Mr. Hughes's conscience also sorter 'pears to peter out at the surface of the water. Chemical warfare, which is proclaimed on all sides as the method *par excellence* of conducting future international imbroglios, has not been mentioned; and any innocent who went to Washington with a project for the international regulation of munition-making and munition-selling, would come away again a much wiser man. All things considered, this paper sees no reason for modifying any opinion of this arrant, impudent humbug that it has hitherto expressed.

BUT is it not odd how sometimes politicians blunder into the right thing, the eternally appropriate thing, without intending to do so or even being aware that they have done so? The Director of the Mint is going to coin a new silver dollar, symbolic of the era of peace which is to be ushered in by the Washington conference! We doubt whether anyone by merely taking thought, would ever have hit upon this; nothing short of accident or

inspiration could have brought it about. Yet, once the thing is done, there are no words eloquent enough to express one's reverent appreciation of its appropriateness. Every thought, motive, instinct and intention of the conference is towards the Dollar; and not the honest Dollar, either, but the stolen Dollar, the sweated, blood-stained Dollar, the kind of Dollar that is squeezed and sweated and bayoneted out of the heathen in his blindness, in return for the Blessings of Civilization and of the One True Religion. If there be doubt about this, ask the Chinese delegates, the Haitians, Porto Ricans, Filipinos, Moroccans. How fit, how necessary, therefore, that the new silver Dollar should be worth about sixty-five cents, and that it should bear the legend "Liberty," and "In God We Trust"!

PRESIDENT HARDING is called a slow-witted man, and we ourselves shared that opinion of him; but after his performance on Tuesday, 20 December, we have our doubts. Within six hours, on the afternoon of that day, President Harding changed his mind entirely about the content and implications of the four-Power treaty. This is fast work. At luncheon-time, he was sure that the guarantees of the treaty did not cover Japan proper, and made a distinct public statement, an emphatic statement, a statement that had some rhetoric in it, to that effect. At dinner-time, the amazing man was equally certain that his statement made six hours earlier was all wrong. It appears that behind the treaty itself was a "secret understanding" with Japan, and that the President's precious crew of delegates had neglected to let him in on it. Then when his statement appeared, Messrs. Hughes, Lodge, Root and Underwood warmed up the White House telephone-wires, and there was nothing for the poor man to do but recant. On the whole, it made an interesting and instructive situation; and for those like-minded with ourselves, a mighty amusing one.

THIS paper has consistently maintained that the published treaties emanating from this conference are not to be estimated one whit above the Duke of Wellington's famous standard of minimum value; and that the secret agreements and understandings which accompany those treaties are, on the other hand, most important. We never expected that one of those agreements would see the light so soon; nor would it have done so but for Mr. Harding's little blunder. Just to show how nearly impossible it is to detect the rascality that frames these secret deals, we admit that this paper was taken in as neatly as President Harding himself. With all our experience in such matters and all our incorrigible suspicions of them, it never occurred to us to look for a joker in that particular term "insular possessions and dominions." It never occurred to us that the mainland of Japan might be understood as included under this term. Now we submit that if President Harding's delegates—as fine a quartet of gentlemen as ever cracked a safe or climbed a porch—can thus handily let in a paper like the *Freeman*, which knows their game from end to end, the general public stands an extremely poor show.

ALL this talk about traditional friendships and traditional enmities between peoples makes us more than a little tired. There is, we grant, a natural human instinct to distrust the outsider; an instinct perhaps inculcated by the experience of primitive communities with hordes of foreign in-

vaders. But this instinct would hardly lead any people even to wish to engage in war upon another people, if it were not industriously played upon by Governments to suit their own purposes. It is the same way with traditional friendships, which are usually based on some previous military alliance and are worth precisely what Governments can get out of them in the way of advantage. These expedients are of value simply because Governments must have pretexts for the wars upon which they engage. It would have been a tactless policy, for instance, for the United States Government to tell its citizenry that it needed their help in guaranteeing Mr. Morgan's loans to the Allied Governments. Traditional enmities and traditional friendships are important elements in a nation's preparedness. Yet if anyone believe for a moment that they alone are efficacious, let him study our draft records, and note how few of the men chosen to pay our debt to France by fighting Germans in her front-line trenches, were eager to offer their lives in payment of that doubtful obligation.

Most political speeches are sincerely insincere. The politician assumes—as do ninety per cent of the people he talks to, for that matter—that Governments represent the collective will and wisdom of the people governed; and having made this initial assumption, he can build up a convincing argument without ever coming within hailing distance of the truth. When M. Barthou, French Minister of War, told an audience of Frenchmen and Americans the other day that the friendship of America was, in case of danger, more valuable to France than an alliance, he was assuming a belief on the part of his audience that Governments are as emotional as peoples. Being himself a member of a political Government, M. Barthou knows that quite the reverse of this is true. He knows that the so-called traditional friendship between France and America would stand about as much strain as a piece of cotton string if France should get in on the wrong side of a war in which our financial imperialists were heavily interested.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE and his fellow-humanitarians in the British Cabinet must spend melancholy hours contemplating the unresponsiveness of backward peoples towards the blessings of Christian civilization, even when bestowed in the form of partnership in the British Commonwealth of Free Nations. The striking demonstrations of ingratitude in India—where the natives refused to turn out to cheer their future imperial overlord, and the Prince of Wales and his gorgeous cortège have been compelled to march in funereal grandeur through empty streets—has been followed by fresh outbreaks in Egypt. Dispatches on Christmas Day state that Cairo is under martial law, with a score of natives killed in vindication of order, while a flotilla of gunboats is being rushed up the Nile to administer moral suasion to the restless fellahs. Apparently the Egyptians do not appreciate the recent kidnapping of their nationalist leader, Said Zagloul Pasha who has been spirited away to an unknown destination by General Allenby's merry men. Fortunately, say the dispatches, the General is well equipped and prepared for any emergency, and he may be trusted to do whatever is necessary in the way of murder, terrorism and incarceration.

YET the whole incident is discouraging. After depriving generations of people of arms and facilities for education, one might reasonably expect them to show greater docility. It is nearly forty years since the British Government, tearing up a large scrap of international paper in the process, bombarded and seized Alexandria, to the accompaniment of profuse pledges that the invaders had come merely to restore the land of Egypt to the people of Egypt as soon as law and order had been re-established. Recently that pledge was vindicated in the assurance of that sterling democrat, Lord Curzon, that the British Government was prepared to recognize Egyptian independence, with a Government run by British High Commissioners appointed in Downing Street and a British

army on the spot to suppress any rash Egyptians who objected to this brand of freedom. If the folks along the Nile prove intractable to this munificent offer, perhaps a few Black and Tans, now at leisure across the Irish Sea, may be available to make them see reason.

THE difference between hanging a few of one's fellow-citizens without trial, and shooting, gassing, bayoneting and otherwise destroying many thousands of enemy troops, also without trial, is something that one must make allowance for, if one is to understand the indignation that has been aroused by certain matters that are now being brought to light at Washington. Senator Watson of Georgia is trying very earnestly to show that during the war, it was a sort of custom of the American military service to send men to the gibbet without granting them even so much protection as is afforded by the summary proceedings of a court martial. The Senator may have no trouble at all in proving his case, but when it comes to finding a remedy for atrocities behind the lines in war-time, he will be no better off than the people who are crusading against lethal gases and the submarine. The very ghouliness of some of the testimony that has been exhumed at Washington confirms our belief that it will take something more than a Senatorial investigation (or a Hague convention) to humanize the arts of war, even as far as concerns the practice of these arts by brothers in arms, in their relations with one another.

BESIDES the brutality of war, one must also reckon here with the normal brutality of peace. Thus one would think that Senator Watson's experience with summary hangings and burnings, in his own State of Georgia, would have prepared him to overlook a few indiscretions on the part of the officers of the American Expeditionary Forces. However, the Senator's interest in the affairs of the A. E. F. is no doubt due in part to the fact that not all the soldiers alleged to have been illegally done to death in France were Negroes. Here, of course, one must remember that just as in time of war, men are classified for moral purposes into allied and enemy groups, so at all times, in war and peace alike, they are divided by the colour-line; and just as the use of force against the enemy is legitimate in the prosecution of war, so in the opinion of some of our fellow-citizens the lawless persecution of the Negro is legitimate in the preservation of peace.

UNQUESTIONABLY many of the people who live north of the Confederate frontier are of like mind with the Negrobaiters of the South, and yet for one reason and another, the North does resort less frequently than the South to mob-crime, for the punishment of what is presumed to be individual crime. Naturally, then, it has devolved upon some of the Congressmen from the South to take arms against the anti-lynching bill which is now pending before the House of Representatives. It may be true, as some of these gentlemen say, that the Republican supporters of the bill are simply angling for Negro votes; but even if this is so, their method is somewhat more decent than that of the Southern Congressmen who are recommending themselves to some of their white constituents by speaking indulgently and apologetically of white deviltries. For example, Mr. Garrett of Tennessee enlarges upon the perils that constantly threaten the women of the ruling race in the South; Mr. Pou of North Carolina believes that the bill will be regarded by "the black beast, . . . not as a punishment of lynchers, but as an excuse to commit crime"; and Mr. Aswell of Louisiana says in condemnation of the measure that it "will protect the assaulters of women from the mob" and thus "encourage the criminal by making him think the danger of speedy death is removed."

As a matter of fact, if the law should actually become effective in cases where the intended victim of the mob was accused of assault, and in such cases only, it would not go very far towards putting a stop to lynching. Statistics published by the National Association for the Ad-

vancement of Coloured People show that assault was alleged to be the cause in only 16.6 per cent of the 3434 lynchings which are known to have taken place in the United States since 1889. These figures do not give very much support to the campaign against the "black beast"; but neither would a knowledge of the character of one's individual opponents in war be likely to put strength into the bayonet-thrust. In the one case as in the other, the fighting temper would probably cool off very speedily if there were nothing more than moral indignation to keep it hot.

To the guardians of American minds and morals, with their inveterate faith in the inculcation of virtue by due process of law, this dispatch from Berlin, 19 December, will no doubt make strange reading: "Forty thousand volumes of detective, 'wild west' and Indian stories, which had been put in circulation here since the Revolution, were piled up and burned to-day under the supervision of the Association for the Protection of German Youths. Recently, the association has carried on an extensive speech-making campaign against such literature. The books burned to-day were turned in by boys who had purchased them. The association has given the boys in exchange classical works and other good reading matter."

JUDGED by the American standard, the technique of this German association is all wrong. They should have secured the passage of laws making it criminal to publish reading matter of which the society disapproves, or to send such reading matter through the mails, or to read it. Nor is it in method only that the Germans fail to approximate the American standard. It is, apparently, cheap, vulgar literature against which they are crusading; that is, we should say, roughly, such literature as form the *pièce de résistance* of the average American's literary diet. That cheapness and vulgarity do not worry our literary censors is attested daily by the enormous amount of it that fills our newspapers, popular magazines and best-sellers. The American literary censor is interested only in obscenity; literary rubbish, provided it conform to certain limited, arbitrary and unintelligent notions of morality, is not objectionable. Yet in point of fact, there is really far more danger that the minds and emotions of the people will be debauched by constant reading of cheap, vulgar and execrably written stories, than that their morality will be impaired by chance acquaintance with an occasional pornographic book.

THE indications, as the doctors say, are distinctly for another kind of censorship than the one we have. The American community, by and large, may pretty well be trusted to censor its own reading from the point of view of a factitious and mechanical morality. It is by a standard of taste rather than of morals that the reading matter of the American public should be criticized. There may be communities with better taste than morals, where our standard of censorship would be useful; but ours is not one of them. Here vulgarity is the besetting sin—*was uns alle bändigt*, as Schiller said, *das Gemeine*. We do not exactly prefer tawdry literature, perhaps; but we are notably careless about discriminating between that which is tawdry and that which is good. In other words, we have need to form a standard of taste; and the only way to do this is the way taken by the German association, i. e., encouraging a reversion to classic works. No literature is richer in classic works than that of the English-speaking peoples; no modern literature is one third as rich. If our moralists took less interest in ephemeral pornography and more in the contemplation and use of our literary heritage, they might contribute significantly to the work of civilizing this nation. As it is, they accomplish little or nothing in this direction.

WE regard the report which says that the Germans have succeeded in making synthetic gold, as probably a *canard*. Nevertheless, we can not help thinking what a magnificent joke it would be if a "power, not ourselves, which makes

for righteousness," or even some demiurge with a Mephistophelian sense of humour, had revealed this secret to the Germans. Suppose from this day forth, the Germans could shell out gold marks as freely and nearly as inexpensively as they now emit the paper equivalent, what a ruction they would raise with the world's hallowed standard of value, and what a joyful time they would have with the indemnity-mongers! The politicians have taken so much of the spice out of life, and one has to go so far and look so diligently for something to laugh at, that we would give just anything if the report turned out to be true. Furthermore, to those who do not like jokes and do not care to laugh—to the groups of serious thinkers and the sage Hermiones of this blessed land—we justify our interest in this matter by pointing out what a capital education in economics it would afford. If gold could be manufactured and became as plentiful as zinc, the history of the McKinley-Bryan campaign, and most of the standard economic treatises on money, would read like "Alice in Wonderland."

"PURSUANT to Section 555-a of the Education Law of the State of New York, as inserted by Chapter 666 of the Laws of 1921," a lot of things are happening just now in the schools of this free commonwealth. For instance, as we recently took occasion to remark, the principals of schools have been assigned the sweet job of reporting on the morality and loyalty of the teachers under their jurisdiction. Besides this, the teachers themselves have been given the opportunity to subscribe and swear to a statement which reads in part as follows: "I am, have been and will be loyal and obedient to the Government of this State and of the United States; . . . I have not while a citizen of the United States advocated, either by word of mouth or in writing, a form of government other than the Government of the United States and of this State, nor have I advocated, either by word of mouth or in writing, a change in the form of government of the United States or of this State by force, violence or any unlawful means." The phraseology of this oath of allegiance is a trifle confusing, but the multiplicity of words does not hide the fact that even in the absence of any incitement to the use of force, violence and other unlawful means, the simple advocacy of any form of government other than our own is in itself a thing forbidden to the teacher. This prohibition covers so wide a field that a teacher who wrote a letter to the *New York Times* advocating the recall of judges or the abolition of the United States Supreme Court would find himself outside the law, if the educational authorities chose to take note of his revolutionary activity.

SOMEWHERE out in Pennsylvania, there lives a lawyer who, the papers say, has just refused to accept a fee from a wealthy client. When one examines the press-dispatches in search of a reason for this extraordinary show of generosity, one discovers nothing more than the statement that this particular attorney believes thoroughly in the justice of his cause. We do not know much about the law, but it seems to us that the coupling of these two circumstances in the public press is a gross libel upon a professional fraternity which can ill afford to permit the intimation that honest service in the courts is as great a novelty as the refusal of a fee. Accordingly we take the liberty of referring the whole matter to the American Bar Association, for investigation, and such action as may be considered appropriate in the premises.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

MR. H. G. WELLS deserves the unending gratitude of his readers for so clearly delimiting a sound and true view of the present conduct of public affairs. The last article in his series of observations on the Washington conference is worth more than everything put together—we say it advisedly—that Mr. Wells has published since "Tono-Bungay." We have not been much impressed by the rest of the series. Mr. Wells has shown an Englishman's inveterate confidence in the political method with public affairs, and the inveterate and pathetic faith that if politicians only deliberate long enough and have conferences enough and appoint enough committees and councils and sub-committees, and publish enough reports, some general good will come of it. This is profound nonsense. In his last paper, however, he comes out magnificently for the sentiment and conviction which alone can be the basis of a *Realpolitik*. The objection to politics and politicians, the primary indictment against all their works and ways, is that they spoil life. Human life is naturally a lovely, enjoyable, attractive thing. We are all conscious that if we could only be let alone, life would be glorious and desirable and we could do almost anything with it. But the politicians never let us alone; and while we are all busily trying to do our poor best with our lives under such throttling conditions as they put upon us, they are as busily trying to thwart us.

"When I think of Europe," says Mr. Wells, "I do not feel like a weakling whose world has been invaded by stupendous and cruel powers. I feel like a man whose promising garden has been invaded by hogs." Precisely so; and that is the way that every decent American ought to feel about his own country and about the influences that have reduced American life to its present state. Think of the rich promise that American life had in the 'eighties! We had an inexhaustible foundation of material well-being, if properly used, and we were beginning to develop sound ideas for its use. We were awakening to a spiritual activity, to a sense of the worth and desirability of culture. Ideas had begun to be current and were exercising an increasing power of attraction upon us. Then the swine in Washington invaded this life, launched us into indefensible war with Spain, set our course into the despicable ways of imperialism, and the promise of our life was put back a generation. The instinct for achievement took hold again, however, and at the end of twenty years we had, in spite of everything, made a little progress towards a life worth living. Eight years ago, as we can all remember, American life, while not very interesting, had the interest of a distinct promise of greater interest. It did not stand on the monotonous dead level of utter boredom. One felt that something worth a man's while might be made of it, something a little above the grade of a sleek and pampered animalism. Then, in 1917, the swine in Washington overran it again, and look at it now!

Such are the emotions with which American citizens should approach the problems of their present world. Mr. Wells is right. The trouble is one of ill-regulated power. Establishing peace, as he so admirably says, does not mean merely dodging death and getting back to "as you were." It does not mean a mere negative struggle to escape, but the struggle for an opportunity to do something worth a man's doing, something really interesting in the way of achievement. Hence it means "getting hold of power by the right

end instead of the wrong end, and going right ahead." There we have a rational basis for pacifism. Unless we can make a better regulation of power, in order that all can get this opportunity for achievement, for the development of a collective life that is interesting, that has flavour and savour, why object to war? As Mr. Wells says,

I do not see why the killing of a few score millions of human beings a few years before they would naturally and ingloriously die, or the smashing up of a lot of ordinary, rather ugly, rather uncomfortable towns, or, if it comes to that sort of thing, the complete depopulation of the earth, or the prospect of being killed myself presently by a bomb or a shot or a pestilence, should move me to any great exertions. Why bother to exchange suffering for flatness?—the worst, least durable of miseries is boredom.

It has seemed to this paper from the outset that if people are ever to begin where Mr. Wells says they must begin, if they are ever to "get hold of power by the right end instead of the wrong end," they must begin by seeing public affairs, and the administration of public affairs, exactly as they are. Not only must they see them as they are, but they must have a corresponding feeling towards them. Then, on this vision and this feeling, something can be done by way of a *Realpolitik*. There is already among us a pretty healthy contempt for politics and politicians. "That's politics!" we say colloquially, and the connotation is clear. Mr. Wells took no risk of offending anyone by his vigorous and exact comparison of politicians with a drove of hogs. But the average of us has not come to see, and above all to feel, that it is *his* garden that the hogs are ruining. When once we get that vision and that feeling, there will be no trouble about the redistribution of power. When we realize what our own lives and the lives of those about us might be, if they were only let alone, how fruitful, amiable, interesting, busy and pleasant—when we realize that it is *those* lives that the swine are bent on reducing to the desolation of utter dulness and monotony—there will be a deal of difference in our practical attitude towards public affairs.

THE MEANING OF SEA-POWER.

THOSE who assume that the British Government would not dare to reduce Sinn Fein Ireland by a naval blockade in the event of the peace-treaty being rejected by the irreconcilables of the Dail Eireann are obviously taking counsel of their "interior persuasions," as Jeremy Bentham called them, instead of the facts. For what, after all, is to prevent the lady Britannia from resorting to her favourite weapon if she is driven by the Ulster Die-hards and her own powerful imperialists to renew the warfare with Republican Ireland?

To begin with, there are two kinds of blockades recognized by international law. One is the "effective" commercial blockade; the other is a purely military blockade. In the event of the rejection of the treaty, all that Mr. Lloyd George would have to do would be to announce to the world that insurrection had broken out in one of the British Isles and that he was obliged regretfully to declare a commercial blockade of that island in order to prevent the shipment of arms and ammunition to the "rebels"; and we have no doubt that such a policy would be instantly applauded by a large and influential section of the press and public opinion of America.

Unquestionably the British Government's next move would be to let it be understood that Ireland is a self-sustaining agricultural country, with plenty of food for the women and children if the "rebels" saw

fit to distribute it—an announcement which would immediately dull popular concern over the plight of the islanders; and those Irish Americans who grew restive would be tartly reminded that Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to adopt similar measures against the Confederacy with eminent success.

It may be objected that such a blockade would hurt loyal Belfast as much as rebellious Dublin. Not, however, we imagine, to the point of actual hardship, for food-supplies could easily be shipped to Belfast and distributed through the Orange lodges to the loyalists.

If it is as easy as that, why has England been so slow to act? Two reasons suggest themselves, the more important being that England, shutting her eyes characteristically to the facts, has preferred to assume that Ireland as a whole was "loyal"; the official theory being that the Government was dealing merely with certain rebellious elements in the community; that it was merely furnishing police and military protection for the loyalist majority against the seditious attacks of the Sinn Feiners. To have declared a naval blockade of the whole island would not have been consonant with such a theory. To-day, however, that reason no longer holds good. The British Government has frankly admitted, by negotiating with the Dail Eireann, that it is dealing—except for a small part of Ulster—with the whole Irish nation. Perhaps a second reason why the British have not resorted heretofore to the weapon of a naval blockade is that up to the present there has been no navalism in Ireland. No faction, even the most extreme, has talked about a navy for Ireland. A British blockade, however, would unquestionably have made the issue of an Irish navy a real instead of an academic one.

Such a blockade, if resorted to to-morrow, would undoubtedly have for its real objective the *morale* of the small business man in Ireland, whose prosperity depends, largely, upon trade with England. At present he is a Sinn Feiner, partly from conviction, but partly, also, because mass opinion has grown too strong for him. But a prolonged blockade would drizzle him completely and might force him to cast about for other leadership than that of the intransigents. A split in the ranks of Sinn Fein would develop, and Mr. Lloyd George could then deal triumphantly with the more moderate group.

At any rate, it is arrant nonsense to assume that the British Government has exerted its full strength against Ireland. It is true that Britain has no more troops to spare for the Irish garrison. Her small army is heavily taxed by the demands of India and Egypt, and it would be risky to send any of her Irish battalions across St. George's Channel. But though her military resources are thus limited, her enormous naval strength has not been touched.

We are informed that around the Irish coast at present is a merely nominal fleet consisting of one sloop, eleven destroyers and ten trawlers. From the ease with which the Irish have smuggled in arms and ammunition, it is clear that gun-running has been carried on in Ireland on a scale that rivals boot-legging in this country. To come down to figures, we may quote the recent statement of the informed naval correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, that without disturbing the present arrangement of the British fleets in any important respect, the Admiralty could throw about the coasts of Ireland a fleet including thirty light cruisers, 160 flotilla-leaders and destroyers, nearly a hundred mine-sweepers, not to mention "clouds of motor-patrol boats"; and to man these

vessels there are 2000 trained merchant-marine officers now walking the streets of Liverpool and London looking for berths!

All this, according to the esteemed *Morning Post*, would have the salutary effect of teaching rebellious Ireland "the meaning of sea-power" so that she "might at last come to realize why Great Britain can not jeopardize that sea-power" by permitting the existence of a republic at her doors!

It might also, we are tempted to add, have the unexpected effect of making "pacifist" America realize with a shock how insubstantial in the matter of disarmament have been the gains of the far-touted Washington conference. A few costly battleships scrapped, but there remain for purely imperialistic purposes, not only the great fleets on the high seas but innumerable light cruisers, destroyers, sloops, mine-sweepers and "clouds of patrol-boats."

This would greatly interest, if he were still alive, that devout Christian scholar and gentleman, Admiral Mahan.

TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

BELIEVING as we do that little ultimate significance attaches to the activities of most of the trade-unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labour, we welcome the news that the left wing of the labour-movement in this country has been somewhat strengthened by the formation of an alliance of half-a-dozen independent organizations of textile workers. The new *entente* bears the name of the Federated Textile Unions of America, and claims a membership of a hundred and fifty thousand. The largest of the member-unions is the Amalgamated Textile Workers, and like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers (the last still within the A. F. of L.), the Textile Workers have aims and ideals which run much beyond the ordinary objectives of trade-unionism.

To our way of thinking, it is significant that many of the members of these organizations of the left wing are immigrants, who have experienced in their native countries the grievous conditions created by the long-continued monopoly of land, and the consequent maintenance of a large labour-surplus. In the case of the Jewish immigrants, the difficulty of the situation in Europe was often heightened by special restrictions which prevented their engaging in agriculture, when opportunity offered. Thus it is safe to say that the proposal of the "advanced" unions for the establishment of some form of labour-control in industry, is inspired at least in part by the feelings of men and women who have experienced the relationship of employer and employee at its worst, and have ceased to believe that any great good may be accomplished within the limits of this relationship.

Such being one of the primary sources of the desire for workers' control, one wonders whether the agitation would still persist, if natural resources were thrown open to free access and the demand for labour thus augmented by the stimulation of industrial activity, at the same time that the supply of labour was decreased by a movement back to the land. Under such circumstances, with high wages, ideal working-conditions, and ample leisure, gained automatically through the continuous presence of land as a competitor in the labour-market, would the demand for the co-operative control and direction of industry still make itself heard?

The question is a most interesting one, for we can not attempt to deal with it without giving some atten-

tion to the fact that, however great the reward, and however pleasant the environment, no man can labour with complete satisfaction to himself, unless he is directly interested in the work-process for its own sake. This interest was stimulated and satisfied by the handicrafts, and it still is so, though perhaps to a lesser degree, by the varied employments of a small farm. In industry, however, times have changed, and the machine has established itself as a factor in our civilization—not because anyone has a sentimental attachment to machine-work or to machine-made goods as such, but because there inheres in the machine a conquering power to produce in quantity many of the things which satisfy human wants. Under the conditions of abundance and leisure which would be created by the liberation of natural resources, the aesthetic sense would certainly demand a considerable revival of the handicrafts; and yet it seems quite inconceivable that craftsmen will ever take over the production of the enormous quantities of staples which form the bulk of the output of industry. Thus it appears that whether land is bound or free, whether labour is abundant or scarce, the machine and the factory are here to stay.

With the adoption of mechanical methods of production, the actual processes of industry have lost much of the interest and human satisfaction which belonged to the work of the craftsman; nor can it be questioned that the thought of the left wing of organized labour has been deeply affected by the dehumanizing of industry, as well as by the limitation of the rewards of labour. Indeed the leaders of the group often say that even if the agricultural alternative were present, and if the rewards of those labourers who chose to remain in industry were ample, the labourers themselves would never be satisfied until they had substituted for the relationship of employer and employee a system of co-operative control which would give to the day's work in the factory some of the interest that usually belongs to the self-directed activities of individuals and "teams." In other words, these leaders maintain that, all question of rewards and alternatives aside, the programme of labour-control will be a significant programme, as long as the machine is a factor in our civilization.

To this contention, the advocate of economic freedom would reply simply that if the monopolistic control of natural resources were abolished, the economic strength of labour would be so much increased that no power on earth could prevent the workers from making any experiment they might choose to make, in the way of industrial democracy. In the absence of monopoly and the labour-surplus, the workers could carry their programme as far as they chose, for economic freedom would mean to them not only freedom of competition, but real freedom of co-operation as well.

SIMPLE SIMON MET A SPY-MAN.

ONE would think that by the nature of their calling newspaper-editors would be led to assume a protective armour of scepticism, off which myth and fable would glance harmlessly, like acorns dropping on the back of a turtle. But, alas, these gentlemen seem to be selected primarily for their credulousness and *naïveté*. Their appetite for news of doubtful origin and impossible contradictions is amazing, and at times they seem to be victims of an incorrigible simplicity.

When the Imperial Wizard of the secret police of this sweet land of liberty recently announced that his hounds of law'n order had once again solved the mystery of the Wall Street explosion that resulted in the deaths of nearly two-score citizens many months ago,

the story, as it was cabled from the itinerant kleagles of Chief Burns abroad, and as it fell from the lips of the chief himself in Washington and New York, was of a character to arouse the doubts of anyone beyond the kindergarten-stage of mentality. The plot, we were gravely told, hinged on a scheme to blow Mr. J. P. Morgan to smithereens. Lenin, Trotzky and the Third International had financed the affair, according to the yarn, yet it had somehow been carried out by those inveterate enemies of the communists, the anarchists. Lenin's woman agent, having rented an office opposite Mr. Morgan's corner in order to familiarize herself with the banker's daily routine, carelessly arranged the explosion to take place at a time when Mr. Morgan was some 3000 miles away. The bomb, it seems, was prepared in a non-existent blacksmith shop on West Fortieth Street, opposite the offices of Mr. L. C. A. K. Martens, who was then representing the Soviet Government of Russia and was supposed to be acting as paymaster for such "radical plots" as this, and who must have been inspired with the idea of strewing a plain trail to his very door. Finally, the chief witness in support of this farrago was a person of notorious disrepute, who as spy and stool pigeon had an unenviable record for clumsy mendacity.

It was depressing to watch our newspaper-brethren swallowing this indigestible mess whole and spreading the tale in screaming head-lines from coast to coast. Possibly in outlying sections the editors were more or less at the mercy of the stuff that was fed to them by that erratic agency of popular education, the Associated Press, but in New York at least some discrimination might have been expected. Yet, if we exclude certain intelligent Yiddish dailies, only one metropolitan newspaper attempted any editorial analysis of this uncouth yarn. While the story was bellowing in the news-columns, the editorial writers in general were discreetly silent, with the exception of the New York Tribune, which hazarded a curious editorial assuming that the "plot" had at last been traced to its origins, and urging that under the circumstances all communists in this country were murderers and "should be treated like other enemies of the human species."

There are, however, certain encouraging features of a purely negative character it is true, about this latest solution of "the great bomb-plot." Thus it is pleasing to note that in connexion with the flare-up no foreign-born citizens in peaceable assemblage were raided and black-jacked and herded to jail by official thugs, and no be-devilled victims of our Third Section have yet flung themselves or been flung from secret skyscraper prisons. There were abundant evidences, moreover, that the public did not receive this latest cock-and-bull story with the enthusiasm with which it hailed former outpourings from the Attorney-General's office.

In the view of this paper, the affair stands as another disheartening example of official ineptitude and journalistic failure. If we criticize the childlike innocence of our newspaper-editors in accepting such trash, what is to be said of the official head of Uncle Sam's secret service? Obviously Mr. Burns is either an appallingly gullible person, or he attributes that quality to the general public. In either case he is a public ornament of doubtful utility and considerable expense. As a court jester he might present an excusable figure; as a chief detective he hangs the cap and bells on all the rest of us.

It is a notorious fact that a short time after the Wall Street explosion, the Department of Justice hired a distinguished expert on explosives to investigate the affair. In due course he reported that the explosion had not

proceeded from a bomb, and he gave solid reasons for his belief that it had proceeded from ordinary blasting-powder. Yet neither newspaper-editors nor officers of the Department of Justice have ever given any indication of the least knowledge of this report. It is strange, too, that no New York newspaper, save one, troubled to recall for its puzzled readers that the "bomb-plot" had been solved several times before with a tremendous flourish of trumpets by the romantic gentlemen who edit our newspapers and by those apparently no less romantic who constitute the secret police of this country.

WHAT IS THIS "SACRED FIRE"?

IN the course of an address at Yale University on the occasion of Dr. Angell's installation, President Lowell dwelt with emphasis upon the continuity of university life, upon the fact that the University of Oxford and the University of Paris had survived all storms, all systems, all philosophies.

Universities have outlived [said Dr. Lowell] every form of government, every change of tradition, of law, and of scientific thought because they minister to one of man's undying needs. . . . Those who administer them or teach therein are but living links in an ever-lengthening chain that stretches forward measureless to the unknown. They work not for themselves alone. Theirs like the Vestal Virgins, to keep alive the sacred fire lit long ago, to furnish it to all who seek it, and to add fresh fuel to the ever-brightening flame.

This, as a piece of presidential rhetoric induced by the inevitable and unavoidable formalities of the occasion, need not stay anyone in his course. It is, however, something more than that. It is the repetition of an idea expressed with increasing frequency by college presidents who are—or at least are supposed to be—familiar with the history of the "homes of lost causes." It is in danger of passing as current coin among educated persons, and therefore should be sharply and insistently challenged as being either too vague to deserve consideration or too inexact to command assent.

No doubt universities have survived many changes. So have many other institutions and things beneficent and evil. The survival of universities, is, of course, an historical fact. But to what undying need have they administered? President Lowell does not state what it is. Divested of its rhetorical form and reduced to concrete terms, what is this "sacred fire" which universities have kept alive and have replenished with fresh fuel? The fire guarded by the Vestal Virgins was real fire. Only a few months ago, a friend of ours paid an Italian guard one lira (3.876 cents) for showing the exact spot where it once burned. President Lowell does not mean that the academic virgins have actually kept a physical or chemical process, called fire, going through the years. He means something else.

Is it knowledge? President Lowell is too wise and too well informed to think for a moment that universities have enjoyed some peculiar prerogatives in the creation, preservation and development of knowledge. Let him consider the amplitude of modern knowledge and then say how much of it was in existence before our modern universities were founded, or was later discovered outside of them and in spite of them. Let him ask the men of science and inspiration how many of the twenty or fifty greatest ideas of our modern world originated in universities. To continue his figure of the roaring fire that illuminates our sky of ignorance to-day, how large is the flame kindled and fed by university professors and administrators?

Is President Lowell talking about the sacred fire of the humanities represented by classical studies? Let him read in Mr. Einstein's scholarly volume "Tudor Ideals" the chapter on "Classicism and the Universities." There he will discover the statement that—

humanism, even with the consecration of exalted patronage, was far from welcome in the homes of learning. It had to contend there against the weight of an ancient established tradition and a force of inertia whose only energy was roused by resistance. . . . The university could begrudge its welcome to humanism the more easily because the latter was *neither academic in its origins nor in its early associations*, while those of its sons who felt the call of the new learning did not return to the fold. Even in Italy, the humanists had been mostly individual scholars whose learning came from self-study and was not the product of an institution. In the end it was inevitable that the erudite should drift towards the University to seek academic shelter there. . . . Many of the best scholars of the time never went to the university. . . . Classical studies were slow to make their way and their penetration in the end was at no little sacrifice. When the universities found these could no longer be kept from their doors, instinctively they devitalized their spirit. Instead of the Ancients being the living inspiration they had proved to Erasmus and More, the classical tongues came to be regarded primarily as suitable instruments for study. The writing of Latin and Greek became goals for academic ingenuity, and the classical revelation, instead of spurring men on to fresh inquiry, was distorted into making unwilling schoolboys compose bad Latin verse.

But when once the distorted and devitalized classics broke into the universities, it took the hammer of Thor to destroy their monopoly.

Does the sacred fire lit long ago refer to educational ideas? Is it not a fact that for centuries at least—if not in our time—every new educational idea originated outside the walls of the universities and had to run the gauntlet of their scorn? Who first explored the domain of natural science? Who first founded scientific and technical schools? Who first conceived of law-schools, normal schools, business schools, schools of social work and all the other systems of organized learning now housed by the university? Did the gentlemen who huddled over the sacred fire do these things? President Lowell would do well to refresh his mind on the way in which science crept into Cambridge under the cover of mathematics and the way in which Oxford dows fought tooth and nail against giving science a respectable place in the scheme of instruction.

Does President Lowell refer to the great books made by the guardians of the sacred fire? Let him look at President Eliot's five-foot shelf and then say how many great books have come out of universities (at least before our day!). In the field of politics, we do not recall that Aristotle, Machiavelli, Bacon, Harrington, Locke, John Adams, and the authors of the *Federalist* ever dwelt in academic halls guarding the sacred fire.

What, then, is this "sacred fire" that universities have so carefully guarded against and for the poor vulgar? Does it have any elements that are not to be found in fires that roar outside of universities?

Let us, at this point, relate a parable. Once upon a time there was a great King who lived in England. His name was Henry VIII. When he was crowned he was a devout Catholic and he wrote a book against Martin Luther which was highly praised by the universities. Later Henry VIII changed his mind; and the teachers in the universities changed their minds. They put out the old fire and kindled a new one. Now this king had a son Edward who had many learned advisors. Together they changed the religion of England which Henry had left to them; and the

teachers in the universities changed the fire again. And Edward had a sister, Mary, who was a Catholic. When she came to the throne, she changed the religion of England back again to the religion that had been upheld in the early days of Henry VIII; and the teachers in the universities put out the new fire and started up the old one again. And it came to pass that Mary died and her sister Elizabeth reigned in her stead. Now Elizabeth and her wise men were Protestants of a new kind. So they changed the religion of England again and made it different from that of Mary, her sister, and of Edward, her brother, and of Henry VIII her father; and the teachers in the universities put out the old fire and kindled a new fire, for many of them found it easier to change their sacred fire than to leave it—and the privileges and emoluments thereunto attached.

And the life of them that guarded the sacred fire was long in the land.

MADAME HOLZAPPAL.

ONE could not think of her in connexion with the heavenly function of arranging marriages. Yet that was how she was spending her last years on earth.

Madame Holzappel—for she would not permit the plain Mrs.—was a dried-up, tiny, aged creature whose feet and mouth were never still. Both moved with an amazing rapidity, and usually simultaneously; but the little blue eyes in that brown, leathery face were always still, like frozen little pools of water, awaiting spring. It was a source of wonder to all how Madame Holzappel moved so fast with all the skirts that flapped about her feet and swept the ground before and after her; and she was so old, so very old; and so dried up; and tiny.

In the dingy parlour in the rear of the little basement plumbing-shop, those whom Madame Holzappel wished to unite in marriage sat in stiff silence or with lax, foolish smiles, with beating hearts and heavy feet. Once during the evening, Madame Holzappel's husband, equally tiny and withered, but without her amazing energy, would look in and pipe: "The tea is ready."

Madame would rise, bustle out of the room without a word to her guests and then return with the tea on a tin tray. The glasses would be set on the table, even distances between them, and the guests would distribute themselves around the table, also at even distances. Without a word, they would each take one piece of cake and eat solemnly, pausing only for sips of tea. Their noses over the rims of the glasses, they would steal surreptitious glances at one another. The woman would see that the man opposite her smacked his lips after each gulp. The man would see that the woman did not put sugar in her tea, but held a piece in her mouth, while she drank the tea in long, hot draughts. He would watch her throat, fascinated by its motion, while she noted that the hand grasping the glass was strong and clean and red with health.

Over it all, Madame Holzappel stood, jabbering away about this—about that—neither standing nor sitting. When the first shyness had worn off and some hardy soul ventured a matrimonial joke, she would be the first to laugh—little, wheezy chunks of laughter—and all the others would laugh, whether they wanted to or not. Madame would flit from one to the other, placing a wrinkled, affectionate hand on a shoulder.

As a rule, there were never more than four in the room, and before the night was half over only two would have remained. Then Madame Holzappel would tell the blushing couple in the room that they knew—she didn't have to tell them—that life without marriage was like a dry piece of bread. One wanted something more. Then: "I shouldn't be surprised if he knew people in your home village. He lived only fifty miles away—"

Crafty Madame Holzappel! With this, she would retreat to the little kitchen to wash the glasses and saucers and carefully put back the cake that had not been consumed, talking in long, wheezy whistles every time she failed to hear the voices in the parlour.

"Let me tell you that there are worse things than marriage."

Or: "My old man and I have lived together now, God

be thanked, fifty-two years, and we are still as happy as two birds."

When the little matchmaker felt that the two had arranged for another meeting, she would come back to the parlour and smile at them, a friendly parental smile.

About seven marriages a year were all that Madame Holzappel succeeded in arranging. This meant twenty dollars from each man and ten dollars from the girl. There would be near-marriages where the girl would suddenly return and say that the man was out for her money only, and the little old woman would sit with her uncombed brown wig in her lap, her shaven head unshawled, and think about her miserable luck. Her husband would then take his tinker's tools and go out into the streets. He knew his wife.

Of course, Madame Holzappel would find the girl another man. But it was disheartening.

Madame Holzappel never went to the weddings she consummated. She was too much of an artist for that. She did go when the baby was born, for then she could turn an honest penny, cleaning up and preparing the meals, if no one had been found to do that. As a rule, however, she contented herself with wishing the mother good luck and recommending a good rabbi for the circumcision, if the baby was a boy. Then she would scamper to the house of a girl who was reported to have \$400 in the bank and wished to marry as soon as possible.

I went back to the basement plumbing-store one day. It was still there and I was deeply disappointed. With the hope of youth, I had wished to find it gone, so that I could feel how much I had grown and how far away were the things of my childhood.

I went in. The little old man I had remembered as the husband of Madame Holzappel sat warming himself over a little coal-stove in the middle of the store.

"Who is there?" he quavered.

For a moment, I could not answer. "It is I." I gave him my name. "You don't remember me. I used to run errands for your wife when I was a little girl."

"Who is there?" the old man quavered again, and then I knew that he was deaf.

"No one," I answered stiffly.

Outside again, I realized that Madame Holzappel was dead. Had any of her clients gone to her funeral?

BELLA COHEN.

THE LAUGHING SYNTHESIS.

ONE of the most remarkable works that has recently appeared in Germany is Arno Holz's "Blechschniede"—"The Tin-Smyth," a world-satire, almost wholly in verse. One must risk one's neck among the dynamics of elemental natural phenomena to find some appropriate simile for it—the smooth green column of a vaulting geyser, a rhetorical volcano overflowing with the eloquence of its lava, a laughing maelstrom. Nothing like this work is to be found outside of Aristophanes or Rabelais, or, if we rise to the tragic-historical, the "Dynasts" of Thomas Hardy, a work in which History stalks from story to story in iron sandals.

Arno Holz is one of the most significant of German lyric poets, the founder and leader of a school. Though he belongs to a generation which is already taking on the mellowness of time, he is still in spirit to be numbered among the younger men. Holz's influence had even penetrated here and there into some of the English literary groups or coteries of the 'nineties: Arthur Symons has dedicated poems and books to him. Holz is a master of finished form, of architectural rhythm, of comic verse light only in its music but packed with matter and formidable with philosophical and historical meaning. Among his best-known works are "The Book of the Age," "Ignorabimus," "Dafnis," and "Phantasus." He was one of the first revolutionaries in the realm of vers libre, a destroyer of old forms and the champion of a naturalism which clamoured for relentless honesty in art—the world seen nakedly, like truth herself, but through the coloured glasses of the lyric artist.

"Die Blechschniede," which has now been given its final form, is a work which Holz has been polishing

and filing for years. A subscription-edition was issued in 1917; this new edition, issued in 1921, is for the present "final." A first short draft was published in 1902. The full title is as follows:

THE TIN-SMITHY

or

the turned-over, churned-over, spurned-over, yearned-over,
overthrown, overflown
MARVELLOUS WASTE-BASKET
whose fateful, spiral, infernal, castaway, done-for snippets
miraculously erect themselves,
spectrally form ranks and columns
and suddenly—
hey-presto, the devil take it, hullabaloo—
grow sound as pins once more, super-jolly and trebly alive.

A grand
lyric-dramatic, drastic, musical-pictorial, plastic
fantastic, orgiastic
TONE, SCENE
and

WORD MYSTERIUM.

A Pandivinium or, if you like, a Pandemonium
in five monumental acts and four cerebral
Interludes,
in all nine parts,
not to say metamorphoses, or even outrages
according to
the Nine Muses.

The book, laden with such perilous stuff, such sulphurous song and headsman's satire, is almost a tome in size and weight—515 pages of large and spacious format. Holz has dedicated

THIS BOOK

of ultimate,
laughing audacity,
most polished malice,
gayest grace,
most sparkling anger,
and deepest,
profoundest,
healthiest,
most jocund,
clearest,
truest, most hilarious,
not to say most godly,
most mocking wisdom,
to all his future,
corporate,
rationalistic,
Interpreters, Exterpreters,
Exegists, Mediaries,
Catechists, Experts,
Glossarists, Marginalists
and Commentators.

In the original German, most of the nouns and adjectives rhyme and the lilt flies trippingly as a rod along a row of bells. This title-page and this dedication strike the note of mad, hurly-burly exuberance which immediately breaks forth from the book itself, like some door in a silent street suddenly opening on a tumultuous parliament. It is a work of incomparable richness and fecundity, of vitality screwing itself spirally towards the heights, then bursting in rocket-like climaxes. It bubbles, boils and effervesces, losing itself in wallows of words, satanic and arresting and burlesque words, clogged only by the plethora of them—in cloud-fields of fantasy, in forests of digressions and discussions, all in flashing verse, and linked together by the coloured lightnings of the poet's wit.

There are pages that are one blaze of bizarre typography, of philological grotesquerie, pages of nouns, pages of single, double, triple and quadruple adjectives, pages of proper names, many of them rhyming with a tinkling, maddening monotony, and marshalled and rigged in strange outlandish designs. These chains or textures of words seem to have been torn from

dictionary and thesaurus and flung into the book by handfuls. Yet each is well, often adroitly and subtly chosen, and causes us to marvel at the richness, flexibility and plastic nature of a language capable of being pulled and moulded into so many new and by no means unnatural coinages. We are dazed by a wealth of wit, usually spontaneous, sometimes naïve, coruscating like a cascade of gems down a tinkling chute. Over all rolls a humour, blithe, mocking, ribald, gross or obscene, which sometimes stretches itself and belches in Rabelaisian breadth, then loses and swallows itself in quagmires that seem void and formless, yet are packed to the brimming edge with this appealing exuberance. There is an insolent, yet compelling inevitability about the argument, and the language and the verses bristle with epigrammatic point. The intensity and speed with which the ringing verses and tripping staves are lashed along, cause the book to fume, to foam and quiver. Steam rises and sweat falls—this book is actually a stage.

In his brief foreword, Holz avows his spiritual kinship with Heine, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift. He might have added Pope, whose ribaldries in the "Dunciad" find a frequent echo here.

"The Tin-Smyth" is a travesty of human life and history. One is bidden to imagine a monumental Punch and Judy show on a marble stage, with the towering Hermes of the Nine Muses glittering against the fabulous blue, and hundreds of thousands of spectators stretched and piled in endless consecutive rows of seats. There is a welter of actors who come and go, like the figures on a revolving target. Among the chief and most persistent are the Author, the Gentleman in the Thirties, Apollonius Golgotha, Persons in the Audience, the Stage-Manager, Puck, The Gentleman over Fifty, Dafnis, the Poet, One in the Gallery, the Impresario. There are all sorts of adjectival personalities, such as the Comfortably-reticent-satisfied-One, the Suspiciously-deliberate-fearsome One, etc. The acts, interrupted by stormy interludes and prologues, unroll as follows:

Act One: The Battle of the Skalds, Bards, Minstrels, etc. *Allegro marciale risoluto quasi polifonia pomposa bombastica.*

Act Two: The Modern Walpurgis Night. *Fuga furiosa infernale quasi grottesca lasciva impetuosa. Panorama audacieux satanique.* A Witches' medley, dance and hocus-pocus.

Act Three: The Isles of the Blest. *Scherzo appassionato grazioso quasi pastorale baccanale erotico.* An earthly paradise of loves and loving. All the passions of literature, the large and the little, wind their way across the stage, Diana, Mars and Venus, Dido, Penthesilea, Tanit, Sappho, Tristram and Iseult, Messalina, Paganini, with many moderns, among them Walt Whitman—

the Yankee and reformer
Riding a whirling ventilator.

Act Four: The Harp Hung upon the Drooping Willows by the Waters of Babylon. *Adagio grave divoto quasi lamento amaro lagrimoso.* An accusatory, auto-confessional act, philosophic and melancholic.

Act Five: The High Court of Judgment. The Symbolic-heroic. *Finale crudele adirato quasi stretta tumultuosa precipite volissima. Croquis tragique rapide.* Literary styles, schools and fashions are ridiculed, and many a shaft flies towards the well-known and the eminent. There are fiery discussions that swirl about the German Muse. The Public takes an active part in these and in the massacre of the schools. There

are attacks and counter-attacks by pundits, critics and creators. Solace is dropped like balm upon the Author by a few faithful adherents, Holz's own followers, who end their song with the admonition:

Curse not when mud is flung your way;
Be glad that you're a wall—and stay.

The final words of the Author (who is also at times the Man in the Fifties) are defiantly flung before the tribunal:

I lay this shock-haired-Peter book
Here on this green table—look!
Dissolved in awe, my noodle bare is
And bows to all contemporaries.

Though many this same book reveals,
'Tis not a book with seven seals,
Every word and every case
Stands adroitly in its place.

Your goods are damaged, never whole,
The cockroach houses in your soul—
To all your windy moil and wheeze,
I am the Laughing Synthesis!

That is, perhaps, the inmost secret of this wild bedlam of a book and the mysticism that partly enwraps it. It is Arno Holz's attempt to compose a Profane Comedy, to reduce all culture, all history, all art and all human society to something that may be brightened and interpreted by the comic spirit. A modern Ther-sites in the Temple. History and Mythology deprived of robe, mask and cothurnus and reduced to the pitifully human, sometimes to the bestial, the gods made laughable in the toils of the passion with which they have befuddled men—heroes subject to the animalism that whips the earth like a top. A panorama, a peep-show, a circus—a stage on which are focused pitiless, wise and sardonic eyes, the eyes of the disillusionized Holz himself—a kind of lyrical Professor Teufelsdröckh. Into the satiric-scurrilous, the sarcastic-salacious, the exclamatory-invective, the riotous indecency of this or that stave, creeps the low, groaning note of this disillusion at the heart of the poet. Not even the exuberance that over crowds the work, nor the intolerable torrential rush of the language, the league-long drawing-out of linked agonies of speech, the bloated amorphisms of incessant refrain and repetition, can dim or tire the blazing, coruscating prose and verse which dazzle the brain as a pile of unset gems the eyes. The lavish learning shown—this, too, is Rabelaisian; there are mountains of allusion, as in Montaigne or Sir Thomas Browne.

No echo of the war rings from the "Tin-Smithy," no shot is heard, no streak of poison-gas crawls across the scene. Some day this world-convulsion may be compressed into a number of scornful quatrains. The "Tin-Smithy" is for the greater part untranslatable, a grandiose monstrosity in literature that requires for its full comprehension a soul and a mind drenched in the spirit of the Gothic and shot through with the golden threads of the pagan world. The spectator who sits down to this gallimaufry of a feast must also have passed through the furnaces of the Renaissance. He must be an Ultimate Modern as well; he must have swallowed and digested the greater part of the things called Culture and Civilization, and then given them up again in disgust—as one who grows sea-sick from the pitching deck and the swinging stars. Such meat and wine are too strong for our own literature, yet this Gargantuan *magnum opus* stands and sparkles, a cosmic-lyrical boiler-factory, the tinny thunder of which is softened by a Lorelei-like music that rings above the pother.

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MEN.

THE idea of the emancipation of women is now familiar to almost every one. The less obvious but no less important need of emancipation for men has been far less generally understood. In our suffrage speeches—when we were not talking according to the supposed bias of our audience, about taxation without representation or the mother's vote, or the industrial revolution, "which had driven women out of the home"—we used to point out that the race suffered because woman was not allowed to be human: she was restricted to being feminine. Man, the assumption was, was not masculine merely, but human: the range of his interests was as wide as the world. That women were, and are still to some extent, debarred from full human interests is true. That all of these are open to men, however, is doubtful.

Certainly women to-day are escaping from that over-emphasis on gender which has kept them from being fully human. A self-respecting woman in our time can be very nearly human; whereas a man, and even a boy, still has to be "manly." It is, no doubt, the extreme ignominy of her previous position that has given woman her present advantage. She was driven by it into a militant defiance of her limitations, while man has remained complacent over his. It was, of course, a more serious thing to be debarred from the world of work, from self-support and most forms of self-expression, than merely to be debarred, as men still very generally are, from intercourse with children and adolescents, from all but a few approved forms of emotional expression, from many of the lesser forms of artistic expression; indeed from a very large part of the grace and charm of living. All of these things have been a monopoly in the hands of women—frequently disdained, sometimes misused, limited, of course, by economic and other conditions. Encroaching in every direction on what man had fondly imagined were his preserves—gaining the vote and economic opportunity, gaining enormously in personal freedom, gaining a very large degree of freedom from restricting conventions—she has surrendered no part of what has been held to be distinctively hers.

For while a woman may still be womanly, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, she does not need to be. It is still generally obligatory, however, for a man to be manly. A professional woman may even be somewhat virile in appearance, and to say that she has a "man's mind" passes in some quarters as a compliment; but an "effeminate" man is generally felt to be ridiculous. That our little girls are no longer primarily exhorted to behave as such is evident from the bloomed, vigorous, bare-kneed school-girls we see all about us, not very different in their ordinary aspects from their brothers. We find this so wholesome and natural that the term tomboy is used less and less as a reproach in our vocabulary. Teachers and parents increasingly know the tomboy as a sounder and more promising type than the old-fashioned girl. Let us suppose, however, that the approaches were to take place from the other side—that our sons were to become more like our daughters. The spectacle of little boys dressed only in flowing draperies, dancing barefoot with the girls, as they do in a few modern schools—dancing quite happily and unconsciously—still moves the average citizen to uncontrollable laughter. All this is very well, he thinks, in a Greek frieze—far away and long ago—but here and now it is ridiculous and effeminate to a degree that borders on the degenerate. All manly boys, the theory runs, like noise, games, dirt, dogs, fishing, fighting, practical jokes and

hideous male garments, and dislike all forms of music and poetry, flowers, sentiment of any kind, and girls. Perhaps they actually do, but there used to be a corresponding theory that all little girls liked sewing and dolls and disliked vigorous exercise and little boys except for purposes of precocious flirtation. For some reason, it has been infinitely easier for girls to revolt against this superstition than for boys to upset any part of the convention regarding their joys in life. There is no recognized figure among boys who can be said to correspond to the tomboy. While the boyish girl (for want of a better term) is not only tolerated, but up to a certain point (usually the beginning of adolescence) approved, the so-called "sissy boy" is an object of contempt and generally of persecution. He may occasionally find champions in literature, as, for instance, Samuel Butler's Ernest Pontifex; in actual life—American life, at least—almost never. Boys themselves, moreover, are among the most vigorous supporters of the tradition; every schoolboy apparently being a self-constituted Vigilante to detect anything short of one-hundred-per-cent boyishness in his fellows. So few indeed are the breaks in the armour of boyishness, so almost universal is the chorus of praise in its behalf, that a sceptic finds herself put to it to defend her belief that there is something hollow and possibly defensive in all this aggressive virility. Somehow, it doth protest too much. Why, if it is a natural and inevitable expression of the masculine nature, is it almost always so self-conscious?

It is with boys that our modern taboos concern themselves; it is their boyishness that home and school strive especially to protect; the girlishness of girls, apparently far more seriously menaced, finds no anxious defenders. While prominent educators view with alarm the emasculating influence of women teachers on boys, no one seems to worry over the possible virilizing effect of men teachers on girls. It is from the point of view of the boys, too, as a softening, deteriorating influence that one usually hears co-education deprecated. The owner of an unusually attractive summer camp, which she has valiantly striven to keep co-educational, once told me, in this connexion, that she could always get more girls than she wanted, but not nearly as many boys. Parents with daughters approve of their associating with boys, but the parents of sons are rarely willing for them to associate with girls on equal terms; and so strong is the pull of manliness that few institutions really offer this association on such terms. Even in cases where nominal co-education exists, it is rarely complete or genuine.

In one fairly modern school, until very recently, boys and girls had the same curriculum, including manual training and shop-work up to the fourth grade, when the boys monopolized the shop, making gliders and boats, and the girls, whose average age is probably nine, made aprons and baby-jackets. It is, of course, easy to imagine a protest from the girls at this arrangement. Anyone can understand and sympathize with their desire to make and own such delightful things as boats and gliders. Such is the stranglehold of the theory of manliness, however, that even I, who protest against it, can not picture to myself a boy so exceptional as to clamour to make a baby-jacket. Yet might there not be such a boy? Would he, if he existed, really be any more ludicrous than a girl with the same desire? Would it be utterly impossible for him to be taken seriously if he were moved to this by, let us say, some obscure parental impulse such as his sister is apparently supposed to feel? Probably few healthy nine-year-olds of either sex are obsessed

with any such desire, but a girl who has it can express it freely without fear of ridicule, while to a boy it would necessarily be a shameful secret.

There are some boys who actually like to sew and cook and even play with dolls, and to express themselves creatively in any number of ways not included in the conventional boyish code, just as some little girls like to handle carpenter's tools and play baseball. A nine-year-old boy in the fourth grade of a certain fairly modern school recently admitted to me that while he really liked sewing and could do it as well as any of the girls, he carefully concealed this and never did his best for fear of teasing from the other boys. "We all act clumsy on purpose" was his way of putting it, and he also had a painful recollection of severe ridicule incurred by something he vaguely described as "acting graceful." Adult convention also still requires this clumsiness of otherwise skilful men when doing so-called women's work—particularly dishwashing, sewing, and caring for babies: it is apparently adopted as a humorous defence against the ignominy of doing such work at all. No such pose is required nowadays of women doing any work whatever, and perhaps this more than anything marks the extent of their advance. The dish-washing, baby-tending man is still a boon to the popular humorist, but who to-day laughs at the woman farmer, the woman mechanic, the woman steeple-jack, the woman doctor or lawyer? Even the woman soldier, who, if there were any logic in the situation, would be a correspondingly comic figure, is no longer an object of ridicule, but rather of veneration, as witness the solemn rhapsodies called forth during the war by the Russian Women's Battalion and the emotional rediscovery of "The Maid," as our propaganda-writers called her. Perhaps the fact that women, during the war, were continually being forced into work previously done by men, under circumstances so unrelievedly tragic, is responsible for this. Whatever the reason, it seems pretty well established that any work that she does is woman's work—but the same discovery has yet to be applied to man. The rather crude humour which, in the early days of the agitation for suffrage, accompanied women's attempts to break into new fields, is obsolete so far as they are concerned; but men are still the butt of such humour when they attempt, however feebly, to pass outside their "sphere."

The matter is of course not entirely simple and clear cut, nor are the attitudes that I have indicated always held consistently. They are complicated by curious reverses, inconsistencies and departures. One of the most striking of these is the almost complete reversal of our usual attitude in the case of adolescents. It is usually at adolescence that we become momentarily concerned over the girlishness of girls, and adolescence is also commonly the time when we relax a little the stringency of our demands on the manliness of boys. The adolescent male is still supposed to conform to a pattern no less rigorously than the manly boy, but it is a different pattern. He is essentially a comic figure and the comedy lies largely in his lapses from manliness. He is allowed, no doubt because the aberration is held to be temporary, traces of sentiment, gleams of interest in music and poetry, a dawning realization of the other sex. He is allowed these, however, on condition that he contribute to our sense of his rich absurdity. That he may and generally does take himself seriously, that his uncertain, perturbed and sometimes stormy expression may be painfully real, only heightens the fun of the spectators; it is in fact the very essence of the joke. The popular conception of the adolescent girl

— the egotistic, romantic, self-conscious flapper, whose chief comic asset also lies in the fact of her taking herself seriously—does not involve any such violent break with her previous tradition as in the case of the boy. Besides, she seems freer than the boy to vary the pattern slightly, to go through the motions a little less slavishly, to be even, while conforming in the main to an accepted type, a little gayer and more irresponsible about it.

There are perhaps weighty biological and historical explanations for the survival of manliness in our civilization. No doubt it has parallels in primitive life and can even be economically interpreted. To one who is not aware of these explanations, however, it must be confessed that it seems but one more of the stale and outworn attempts to classify and limit the capacities of human beings according to arbitrary canons. Women, so long the victims of such limitations, perhaps know best how cruel and wasteful they can be; and they might therefore be expected to have an especially keen interest in making a clean sweep of all unreal and arbitrary distinctions between the sexes. How refreshing would be a world full of uncharted people; free to express themselves in any human way, to share in any human activity—or even to break out in wholly new and astonishing ways. In such a world personality might so thrive and be enriched that its inhabitants would really believe and act on the belief, instead of merely quoting that being human, nothing human was akin to them. This is, after all, a very elementary freedom, but it is one which our pigeon-holing convention still puts beyond the reach of too many of us.

MARTHA GRUENING.

THE GESTURE OF CASTILE.

V

ON the top step Telemachus found a man sitting with his head in his hands moaning "Ay de mi!" over and over again.

"I beg pardon," Telemachus said stiffly, trying to slip by.

"Did you see the function this evening, sir?" asked the man looking up at Telemachus with tears streaming from his eyes. He had a yellow face with lean blue chin and jowls shaven close, and a little waxed moustache that had lost all its swagger for the moment as he had the ends of it in his mouth.

"What function?"

"In the theatre. I am an artist, an actor." He got to his feet and tried to twirl his ragged moustaches back into shape. Then he stuck out his chest, straightened his waistcoat so that the large watch-chain clinked, and invited Telemachus to have a cup of coffee with him. They sat at the black oak table in front of the fire. The actor told how there had been only twelve people at his show. How was he to be expected to make his living if only twelve people came to see him? and the night before *Carnaval* too, when they usually got such a crowd! He'd got a new song especially for the occasion, too good, too artistic for these pigs of provincials. "Here in Spain the stage is ruined, ruined!" he cried out finally.

"How ruined?" asked Telemachus.

"The zarzuela is dead. The days of the great writers of zarzuela have gone never to return. O! the music, the lightness, the jollity of the zarzuelas of my father's time! My father was a great singer, a tenor whose voice was an enchantment. I know the princely life of a great singer of zarzuela. When a boy I lived it—and now look at me!"

Telemachus thought how strangely out of place was the actor's anaemic wasp-like figure in this huge kitchen where everything was dark, strong smelling, massive. Black beams with here and there a trace of red daub on them held up the ceiling and bristled with square iron spikes from which hung hams and sausages and white strands of garlic. The table at which they sat was an oak slab, black

from smoke and generations of spillings, firmly straddled on thick trestles. Over the fire hung a copper pot, sooty, with a glitter of grease on it where the soup had boiled over. When one leaned to put a bundle of sticks on the fire one could see up the chimney an oblong patch of blackness spangled with stars. On the edge of the hearth was the great hunched figure of the *padron*, half asleep, a silk handkerchief round his head, watching the coffeepot.

"It was an elegant life, full of voyages," continued the actor. "South America, Naples, Sicily, and all over Spain. There were formal dinners, receptions, ceremonial dress. Ladies of high society came to congratulate us. I played all the child rôles. When I was fourteen a duchess fell in love with me. And now, look at me, ragged, dying of hunger. Not even able to fill a theatre in this hog of a village. In Spain they have lost all love of the art. All they want is foreign importations, Viennese musical comedies, smutty farces from Paris."

"With cognac or rum?" the *padron* roared out suddenly in his deep voice, swinging the coffeepot up out of the fire.

"Cognac," said the actor. "What rotten coffee!" He gave little petulant sniffs as he poured sugar into his glass.

The wail of a baby rose up suddenly out of the dark end of the kitchen. The actor took two handfuls of his hair and yanked at them. "Ay, my nerves!" he shrieked. The baby wailed louder in spasm after spasm of yelling. The actor jumped to his feet—"Dolores, Dolores, *ven acá!*"

After he had called several times, a girl came into the room, padding softly on bare feet and stood before him in the fire light tottering sleepily. Her heavy lids hung over her eyes. A strand of black hair curled round her full throat and spread raggedly over her breasts. She had pulled a blanket over her shoulders but through a rent in her coarse nightgown the fire threw a patch of red glow curved like a rose-petal about one brown thigh.

"*Qué desvergonza!* How shameless!" muttered the *padron*.

The actor was scolding her in a shrill, endless whine. The girl stood still without answering, her teeth clenched to keep them from chattering. Then she turned without a word and brought the baby from the packing box in which he lay at the end of the room, and drawing the blanket about both her and the child, crouched on her heels very close to the flame with her bare feet in the ashes. When the crying had ceased, she turned to the actor with a full-lipped smile and said, "There's nothing the matter with him. *Paco*. He's not even hungry. You woke him up, the poor little angel, talking so loud."

She got to her feet again, and with slow indescribable dignity walked back and forth across the end of the room with the child at her breast. Each time she turned she swung the trailing blanket round with a sudden twist of her body from the hips.

Telemachus watched her furtively, sniffing the hot aroma of coffee and cognac from his glass, and whenever she turned, the muscles of his body drew into tight knots from joy.

"*Es buena chica.* She's a nice kid, from Malaga. I picked her up there. A little stupid. But these days . . ." The actor was saying with much shrugging of the shoulders. "She dances well, but the public doesn't like her. *No tiene cara de parisiana.* She hasn't the Parisian air. But these days, *vamos*, one can't be too fastidious. This taste for French plays, French women, French cuisine, it's ruined the Spanish theatre."

The fire flared crackling. Telemachus sat sipping his coffee waiting for the unbearable delight of the swing of the girl's body as she turned to pace back toward him across the room.

VI

THE sun next morning was tingling warm. Telemachus strode along with a taste of a milky bowl of coffee and crisp *churros* in his mouth, and a fresh wind in his hair; his feet rasped pleasantly on the gravel of the road. Behind him the town sank into the dun emerald-striped plain; clustering roofs huddling more and more under the shadow

of the beetling church, and the tower becoming leaner and darker against the steamy clouds that oozed in billowing tiers over the mountains to the north. Crows flapped about the fields where here and there the dark figures of a man and a pair of mules moved up a long slope. On the telegraph wires at a bend in the road two magpies sat, the sunlight glinting when they stirred on the white patches on their wings. Telemachus felt well-rested and content with himself.

"After all, mother knows best," he was thinking. "That foolish Lyæus will come dragging himself into Toledo a week from now."

Before noon, he came on the same Don Alonso whom he had seen the day before in Illescas. Don Alonso was stretched out under an olive tree, a long red sausage in his hand; a loaf of bread and a small leather bottle of wine on the turf in front of him. Hitched to the tree, at the bark of which he nibbled with long teeth, was the grey horse.

"*Hola*, my friend," cried Don Alonso, "still bent on Toledo?"

"How soon can I get there?"

"Soon enough to see the castle of San Servando against the sunset. We will go together. You travel as fast as my old nag. But do me the honour of eating something, you must be hungry." Thereupon Don Alonso handed Telemachus the sausage and a knife to peel and slice it with.

"How early you must have started."

They sat together munching bread and sausage to which the sweet pepper mashed into it gave a bright red colour; and occasionally, head thrown back, letting a little wine squirt into their mouths from the bottle.

Don Alonso waved discursively a bit of sausage held between bread by tips of long grey fingers. "You are now, my friend, in the heart of Castile—look, nothing but live oaks along the gulches, and wheatlands rolling up under a tremendous sky. Have you ever seen more sky? In Madrid there is not so much sky, is there? In your country there is not so much sky. Look at the huge volutes of those clouds. This is a setting for thoughts as mighty in contour as the white cumulus over the Sierra, such as come into the minds of men, lean, wind-tanned, long-striding." Don Alonso put a finger to his high yellow forehead. "There is in Castile a potential beauty, my friend, something humane, tolerant, vivid, robust. I don't say it is in me. My only merit lies in recognizing it, formulating it, for I am no more than a thinker. But the day will come when in this gruff land we shall have flower and fruit."

Don Alonso was smiling with thin lips, head thrown back against the twisted trunk of the olive tree. Then all at once he got to his feet, and after rummaging a moment in the little knapsack that hung over his shoulder, produced absent-mindedly a handful of small white candies, the shape of millstones, which he stared at in a puzzled way for some seconds. "After all," he went on, "they make famous sweets in these old Castilian towns. These are *melindres*. Have one. When people, d'you know, are kind to children, there are things to be expected."

"Certainly children are indulgently treated in Spain," said Telemachus, his mouth full of almond paste. "People here actually seem to like children."

A cart drawn by four mules, tandem-fashion, led by a very minute donkey with three strings of blue beads round his neck, was jingling past along the road. As the canvas curtains of the cover were closed, the only evidence of the driver was a sleepy song in monotone that trailed with the dust-cloud after the cart. While they stood by the roadside watching the joggle of it away from them down the road, a flushed face was poked out from between the curtains and a voice cried, "Hello, Tel!"

"It's Lyæus," cried Telemachus, and ran after the cart bubbling with curiosity to hear his companion's adventures.

With a jangle of mule-bells and a hoarse shout from the driver the cart stopped, and Lyæus tumbled out. His

hair was mussed, and there were wisps of hay on his clothes. He immediately stuck his head back in again through the curtains. By the time Telemachus had reached him the cart was jingling down the road again, and Lyæus stood grinning, blinking sleepy eyes in the middle of the road; in one hand a skin of wine, in the other a canvas bag.

"What ho?" cried Telemachus.

"Figs and wine," said Lyæus. Then, as Don Alonso came up leading his grey horse, he added in an explanatory tone, "I was asleep in the cart."

"Well?" said Telemachus.

"O! it's such a long story," said Lyæus.

Walking beside them, Don Alonso was reciting into his horse's ear:

*Sigue la vana sombra, el bien fingido.
El hombre esta intregado
al sueno, de su suerte no cuidando,
y con paso callado
el ciel vueltas dando
las horas del vivir le va hurtando.*

"Whose is that?" said Lyæus.

"The revolving sky goes stealing his hours of life. But I don't know," said Don Alonso, "perhaps like you, this Spain of ours makes ground sleeping as well as awake. What does a day matter? The driver snores, but the good mules jog on down the appointed road."

Then, without another word, he jumped on his horse, and with a smile and a wave of the hand trotted off ahead of them.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

THE MOVEMENTS OF LIFE.

BACON defined one of the ends of science as the discernment of the secret motions of things, and every one knows that the continuance of our life from day to day depends on vital movements. Some of these, like the breathing movements, we can actually see; others, like the beating of the heart, we can feel. But others, like the ceaseless lashing of the cilia lining our windpipe, are quite microscopic; and the most important of all, namely, the dance of molecules involved in all vital changes (or metabolism) are ultra-microscopic. It is interesting to remember, however, that the quivering movements of granules in a fluid medium, such as living matter affords, are due to the microscopically visible particles being jostled by the invisible dancing molecules. But what I wish to discuss in this paper are the gross movements of living creatures rather than the fundamental secret motions—always remembering, of course, that the former depend on the latter.

In his fascinating "Animal Life," Professor F. W. Gamble points out (I am quoting from memory) that there are among animals four main methods of locomotion, which may be readily kept in mind if we think of a man in a boat on a quiet reach of the river. First, he may take a boat hook, and fastening it to the roots of the willows he may pull the boat against the gentle current. This pulling method is illustrated when a leech fastens its anterior sucker and pulls its body forward, or when a starfish hauls itself up or along a rock by contracting several scores of suctorial tube-feet which it had attached.

Secondly, the man may take a pole and push with it against the bed of the stream. This punting method is very general among land-animals which use their limbs as levers with which to press against the ground. A beetle punts along on its six legs, using them in subtle alternation. We do the same as bipeds, using about three hundred muscles between pressing on the ground with our left foot and doing the same, half a second later, with our right. As the immortal Monsieur Jourdain did not know that he had been talking prose all his life, so many of us may have been unaware that we punted along the ground when we took a walk.

Thirdly, the man in the boat may take an oar, and, going to the stern of the boat, sweep out big masses of water alternately to either side. This familiar sculling method is clearly illustrated by most fishes. They grip masses of

water with their very muscular posterior body and jerk these forcibly away, first to one side and then to the other. Similarly, the whale's tail forms a powerful propeller—but it is a propeller that does not go round. The beaver's tail is also used for sculling, and an interesting case is that of sundry sea-snakes, whose tail, or even more than the tail, is flattened from side to side, thus giving the lithe creatures a good grip of the water as they swim.

In the fourth place, the man in the boat may sit down and row with the two oars. We see this rowing in the insect known as the water-boatman, which has two of its legs turned into long blades, in the aquatic birds that swim with their feet whether webbed or unwebbed, or in many a swimming mammal which strikes the water with its fore-limbs, or with fore and hind limbs together. The flightless penguin uses its flipper-like wings as oars, and the diving petrel swims with its wings under water, and actually emerges *flying* into the air. In the common dipper or water-ouzel of our streams there is also an interesting use of the wings under water. Such instances prepare us for the conclusion that flying, whether of bird or insect, bat or ancient dragon, is comparable to rowing in the air. Thus, following Professor Gamble's idea, we compare the four chief kinds of animal-locomotion to pulling with a boat hook, punting with a pole, sculling from the stern, and rowing with oars.

One is prepared to find difficult and curious cases. The jellyfish narrows the circumference of its disc and forces the water out from the diminished concavity, which is comparable, perhaps, with what might be called median sculling. The same term may be applied to the more intricate procedure of the cuttlefish. It fills its spacious mantle cavity with water, buttons up the aperture by which the water entered, forcibly contracts the mantle-cavity, and drives the water out by a narrow funnel. The force of the outgushing water drives the cuttlefish onwards, but in some cases there are also muscular fins with a propeller-like action. Not very far from this is the beautiful swimming of some scallops and of the bivalve called Lima, for the water is driven out forcibly from the mantle-cavity by the rapid approximation of the two shell-valves and of the paired folds of skin that form the mantle.

A sea-urchin climbs on the seashore rocks by means of its suctorial tube-feet; it is sometimes helped by the punting action of its numerous spines; but on a flat surface of caked mud it may show a quite unique method—it hobbles along on the tips of its teeth. Projecting from the mouth, which is always next the substratum, there are the tips of the five teeth of "Aristotle's lantern"—an elaborate chewing apparatus. The lantern is swayed from side to side by powerful muscles, and the five teeth with their projecting tips serve as levers by means of which the sea-urchin tumbles from one position of equilibrium to another, and gets slowly forradier. In most of the brittle-stars, first cousins of the starfishes, the tube-feet are too small to be used in locomotion, and what happens is a curious wriggling with the five very gymnastic arms which press against the substratum. If the brittle-star is picked off the sand and thrown into the water, it may continue its wriggling, and the five punting poles become five oars.

The ordinary gliding of a snake may also be called multiple punting. Attached to the strong ventral scales there are skin-muscles, the contraction of which raises the posterior margins, so that they catch on roughnesses on the ground. But the lower end of each of the very mobile ribs is fastened to a scale, and when the rib is pulled backwards by other muscles the body is pushed forward against the substratum which the scales grip. There is an alternation of scale-raising and rib-pulling, and while one region of the body is showing the former, an adjacent region is showing the latter. Ruskin spoke of the snake "rowing on the ground with every rib for an oar," and "biting the dust with the ridges of its body," but as the movement depends on pressing against a firm substratum we prefer to think of it as "punting." A quick jerk or dart forwards on the snake's part is a different kind of movement, due to a sudden straightening of the sinuosities of its coil.

It is at once humiliating and stimulating that we under-

stand so little of the true inwardness of animal-locomotion. Professor Asa Schaeffer of the University of Tennessee has just written a book, "Amœboid Movement." The amœba is generally regarded as one of the simplest animals. It "glides" along, "flows" along, "rolls" along—according to various textbooks on zoology—and yet we do not understand how it progresses in its orderly, wavy path. Probably fundamental is a streaming movement of the living matter—a movement which has been compared with that of a caterpillar-wheel or "tank." Particles are seen travelling along the upper surface in the direction in which the amœba is moving; they disappear over the front and reappear at the hind end. It almost looks as if the device of the "tank" had been anticipated by the amœba. But associated with the streaming movement of the living matter, there are changes of surface tension in the outermost zone of the little animal, and perhaps some gripping of the substratum. But we do not as yet understand the locomotion of the amœba.

Similarly, among all multicellular animals that move about by means of muscles, whether by pulling or punting, sculling or rowing, there is again a mystery of movement. For in the first chapter of muscular contraction, when each living thread or fibre of flesh becomes shorter and broader and does work, there is no combustion, no using up of oxygen, no formation of carbon-dioxide, no evolution of heat, only a dislocation of molecules of lactic acid from their association with the muscle substance. It seems like a physical change, comparable with the uncoiling of a released spring. In the second chapter, no doubt, there is an oxidation of a carbohydrate, with production of carbon-dioxide and heat, and the energy is used to reinstate the lactic acid molecules in their place in the muscle-substance. But the essential process of contraction remains as yet very mysterious, like the streaming of the protoplasm in the amoeba and many other unicellular organisms.

When we face the highest form of locomotion, which we take to be the "sailing" of the albatross and the vulture, must we not confess that it remains "too wonderful for us"? Without apparent strokes of its wings, for half an hour at a time, the albatross describes majestic ellipses round the ship. It sails with the wind, apparently gaining rather than losing in velocity; it tilts its body and turns against the wind, losing in velocity; but, it may be, gaining in height; then it turns again, and so *da capo*. Similarly, the vulture describes its great spirals in the sky. There are men who profess to understand the sailing of birds like the albatross and vulture, but they seem to succeed very well in keeping their secret. I am not suggesting that there is anything magical; the bird is probably changing energy of position into energy of movement alternately till it reacquires momentum by powerful strokes of its wings; it is perhaps taking advantage of currents of unequal velocity in the air; and the pressure of the breeze against the complex under-surface of the wing must have complicated results. No doubt the wonder of "sailing" will be cleared up; though, because of its difficulty, it may remain inexplicable to all but mathematicians. But whether we take the amoeba rolling along, or our own everyday saunter, or the way of the vulture in the air, life in motion is a fact not to be spoken of lightly.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

NOTES FROM CENTRAL EUROPE.

OUTSIDE the city limits of Warsaw stands what once must have been a great warehouse, possibly originally built for war-supplies. Now it is a concentration-camp for those White Russians who fought with Poland in the Russo-Polish war and who, by the terms of the peace-treaty, can not be repatriated. If they could find food and lodging in Warsaw, the Polish authorities would be glad to dismiss them from the cantonment; but unemployment is very great in the city and the housing is insufficient, even for the Poles themselves, and so even the poor shelter of this camp is better than the open fields and skies. Along the full length and across the great width of this old storehouse are built of unplanned boards long rows of double-decked shelves, continuous in length and about

eight feet deep. On these sprawl by day and toss by night hundreds upon hundreds of men, women and children. There is no privacy of any kind. Ages and sexes mingle indiscriminately. Most of these unhappy people have been here for several months, fed only on soup and bread. Here children play in dirt and cry in fretfulness. Here youth finds love, the more poignant for the blackness of the future. Here grossness slimes gentility and noble dreams are narcotized by dull monotony.

"There are eleven former university students here, eight men and three women," says our guide, a young man from Oxford University. "They could leave and continue their work next term at Warsaw if only they could find a place to live in. But it would take at least a million marks to finance them for a year. That's only five hundred dollars, but—"

We meet these students and try to show our sense of the fraternity of learning. In ragged clothes and none too clean, they still remember their delightful Russian courtesy. Pride prevents a word of complaint, except from one, a woman. As we leave she follows us, and says: "My comrades, can you not do something to relieve us? I am, or was, a student in the University of Moscow—in the faculty of agriculture. Politics mean nothing to me. Yet here I am, an exile, penniless, dirty. . . . In God's name help me to get a bath and clean clothing and a quiet bed where I may sleep one night and neither smell nor hear nor see what night is like in this chamber of hell."

We promise to tell of her, and of her companions, to the girls who sing and laugh and eat at Wellesley and Vassar and Bryn Mawr and Smith and elsewhere in America; but as we do so we have a feeling that, not having seen, they will not understand.

"I do not wish to be inquisitive," I said to a professor of classics from a Polish university, "but would you tell me just how you professors are faring since the war?"

"I do not mind telling you in the least of my own situation, which is not unusual in any respect. Before the war I received a stipend of 500 Austrian kronen a month, which was worth about \$100. I could live on that, although I could not marry on it. Now my salary is 15,000 Polish marks a month, which in American money is \$7.50. It takes a whole month's salary to buy a pair of shoes; and if I were to buy a suit of clothes, which I have not done for six years, it would take all my pay for three months. Last month I indulged in a grave extravagance, one which I can not repeat for at least two years. I bought a book. It took half a month's pay."

"Oh, do not pity me," he continued, for I suppose I looked distressed, "for I am a classicist and as long as I have my texts, the absence of other books is not disastrous. But it is different with my scientific colleagues. Imagine what it means to my friend, the biologist, to have known nothing of biological discovery, either through books or journals, for all these years. You will, I think, understand the fear we all feel that Central European scholarship will become hopelessly second-rate. That, sir, is more distressing to some of us even than a lack of food and clothing."

"A NUMBER of American visitors have expressed to me," said Mr. Paul Legate, director of Student Relief in Budapest, "their surprise that in every country over here they find so many students from neighbouring lands. They do not see why, for instance, a Pole who lives in Czechoslovakian Silesia should not go to a Czechoslovakian technical school, where he can live at home, or why a Hungarian student who before the war studied in his own home town, should now insist on coming to Budapest merely because his home town is now technically a part of Rumania. You, yourself, have wondered at it. Therefore I ask you, as I have asked others, to suppose something with me. Suppose that during the war Mexico had entered the conflict on the side of the Central Powers. Then suppose that the Allies and America had lost the war. Finally, suppose that the peace-conference had

awarded to Mexico all of Texas, which admittedly is her lost province, taken from her under circumstances where might made right. The Mexicans, of course, would take hold of Texas and Mexicanize it, and the Texans, ruined by the war and with all the world against them, would not dare to resist. The University of Texas, a State institution, would be taken over, its American faculty dismissed and a Mexican one substituted. The English tongue would be prohibited and all instruction would be given hereafter in Mexican. Under those circumstances would you, as a student of the old University of Texas, continue to study there, or would you migrate to Tulane University across the Mississippi?

"That," said Mr. Legate, "is the situation of hundreds of students now resident in each of these newly-created Central European States."

ONE can not even casually examine the living conditions of the students in the Central European universities today without being filled with admiration of and pity for them in their privations. Men, and women too, to some extent, are living in quarters that no American student would put up with under any circumstances; their clothes are patched and shapeless, they are underfed, with no breakfast, a single dish of stewed meat and grain at noon and possibly tea and a bit of dry bread at night. But as I soon discovered almost none of these students makes any attempt to improve his lot by working his way through college as do so many of our American undergraduates. I remarked upon this fact to one of the professors in Berlin.

"They have no time for anything but study," he replied. "Conditions are different in America. I know, for I saw for myself when I was an exchange professor at Harvard. It is a rare American undergraduate who goes to classes more than twenty hours a week. But over here the hours range from about forty a week for classicists to sixty a week for medical students. That means from six and a half hours a day to ten hours a day. What time is there left wherein to earn a living? With us study and scholarship are all-important matters."

In the course of a conversation with Mr. Sassenbach, executive head of all the "free" or Socialist labour-unions of Germany, I told him how last winter when I was trying to raise money from American students to help their fellow-students in Germany, I had met with considerable opposition from those people who believed that money given to German students would aid reaction and monarchism, since university people are the bulwarks of the forces that are seeking to destroy the present form of government. During my stay in Germany I had found these suspicions to be well founded. I therefore asked Mr. Sassenbach whether he thought that American democratic liberals under these circumstances ought to help in the relief of German intellectuals."

"It is true that the members of the intelligentsia are reactionary," replied Mr. Sassenbach. "Of all Germans it is they who have suffered most since the war. They look back to the old days much as Adam and Eve must have looked on their vanished Eden. But there they are, these students, half-trained; their education must be completed for the sake of our country. We must have intellectuals. I would answer your question by saying, help them all you can, and do not fear that they will overthrow the Republic or be able to enslave us again in the bonds of militarism. German labour learned at the time of the Kapp *putsch* that in three days it can force anything it wishes by a general strike. Politically the intelligentsia as such is absolutely powerless. Our students need the help which impoverished Germany can not give them. Tell the liberal students of American colleges not to fear. We will take care of the Republic."

KNOWING that public opinion in Germany regarding the Versailles treaty is not to be found in public utterances, I sought out a certain very learned and able Berlin official and, assuring him that he should remain anonymous, I asked for information.

"Well," he said, "you must understand that what I am going to say is not an official view. What you wish to know, as I understand it, is what the average German in the street, club, or café thinks about the peace-treaty. Let me, therefore, try to speak his thoughts.

"The treaty of Versailles is not a treaty at all; it is a verdict. It is not like any other peace-treaty of civilized times. It assumes that all Germans are criminals. Of course we refuse to admit that. Nobody has ever tried and convicted us of crime, except the propaganda-agencies of the Allies. It may be that German leaders, the Kaiser and the Junkers, had criminal ambitions. We don't know about that; all we know is that every German fought in the firm belief that he was defending the fatherland, and he fought for nothing else. No German feels that the peace is just. The so-called 'reparations' are not reparations. Germany could rebuild the ruined portions of Belgium and France within three years, and most of us believe that we ought to do it. But these enormous reparations are punitive. They are meant not merely to punish us but to crush us. Moreover, we agreed to the armistice on the definite understanding with the Allies that there were to be no such punitive indemnities. We, therefore, consider that we have been lied to and cheated. When the Allies talk about our wickedness in invading Belgium and turning a solemn treaty into a scrap of paper, it may be they are right; but the complaint, we think, comes badly from nations which turned their armistice agreement into a scrap of paper at Versailles. We simply do not believe the Allies. England has no principles; we fear France and we despise America as being the champion of a peace, the justice of which she had not diplomatic brains enough to secure. That is how the average German is thinking. As for the way out of it all, he has no theories at all. He is merely sitting back cynically and watching the sorry show."

I tested this statement by inquiries addressed to workmen, travelling salesmen, university men, merchants great and little—wherever I found opportunity in Berlin and elsewhere throughout Germany, and on the whole it seems a fairly accurate statement of German public opinion.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

POETRY.

CHINESE LYRICS.

(Translated from the Chinese by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.)

AN ELEGY.

O youngest, best-loved daughter of Hsieh,
Who married unluckily poor Chien-lou,¹
You patched my clothes from your own wicker case,
And I coaxed off your hair-pins of gold, to buy wine.
For dinner, we had to pick wild herbs
And use dry locust-leaves for kindling . . .
To-day they are paying me a hundred thousand cash,
And all that I can bring you is a temple-sacrifice . . .
We laughed in those days about one of us dying,
And now I have had to watch it happen—
Your clothes are distributed, almost gone,
Your needle-work sealed, where I dare not look . . .
I continue your favours to our men and our maids—
Sometimes, dreaming, I offer you gifts . . .
This is a grief, that comes to all the world,
But sharpest to those who have been poor together.
Alone I sit here, mourning for us both . . .
How much is left me of my hundred years?
It was Têng Yu's² destiny to have no son,
And vain were P'an Yüeh's³ poems to his wife . . .
What can I crave in the darkness of our crypt?
We never believed in a future meeting,
Yet I see, before my eyes all night,
That life-long trouble of your brow.

YUAN CHEN.

¹ An indigent scholar, who finally starved to death; meaning here, of course, himself.

² A man of good character and conduct, to whom heaven was deaf and unjust, granting him no son.

³ A writer famous for his elegies to his wife.

THE GOLD-THREAD ROBE.

O cherish not your gold-thread robe,
Cherish only your young days!
If a blossom open, gather it,
Lest you be picking an empty bough.

TU CH'INNIANG.
(A singing-girl of the ninth century.)

A SIGH IN THE SPRING-PALACE.

Knowing beauty my misfortune,
Wearily I face my mirror . . .
For the Emperor's fastidious pleasure.
How shall I bedeck myself?
When the wind is warm, birds flock and sing,
When the sun is high, flower-shadows climb . . .
Year after year, girls by the Yüeh
Picking hibiscus, dream of love!

TU HSUN-HE.

THE YELLOW CRANE TOWER.

Where, of yore, a yellow crane bore him to heaven⁴
Only the Yellow Crane Tower remains;
For the yellow crane never revisited earth,
The white clouds flying without him for ever . . .
Clear water reflects each Han-yang tree
And Parrot Isle overruns with sweet grasses;
But, away towards home, twilight darkens,
Misting the river-waves with grief.

TS'UEI HAO.

A SOLITARY WILD GOOSE.

Line after line has gone back to the border,
And where are you headed all by yourself?
In the evening-rain you call to them
And slowly alight on an icy pond . . .
The low wet clouds move faster than you,
Led by the cold moon up the wall,
Safe as yet from shot or snare—
But stricken enough to be flying alone?

TS'UEI T'U.

ON SEEING THE SNOW-PEAK OF CHUNG-NAN.

High is the beauty of Mount Chung-nan:
Snow-shine tops its floating cloud,
And a fair sky opens over its trees,
While the valley-town grows only colder.

TSU YUNG.

NEAR THE FERRY AT LI-CHOU.

In the water's clear void is the evening sun
And little blue islands are one with the sky.
On the bank a horse neighs. A boat goes by.
People crowd to a willow and wait for the ferry.
Down by the sand-bushes sea-gulls are circling,
Over wide river-lands flies one egret . . .
Who knows why I sail after wise Fan Li⁵
Through the misty Five Lakes, forgetting words?

TO A FRIEND BOUND EAST.

The old fort brims with yellow leaves,
As you follow your will from your ancient land,
And a high wind blows at Han-yang Ferry
And sunrise brightens Mount Ying-mén . . .
Who will be left by the upper Chiang
When your lone skiff enters the end of the sky?
All I can ask is how soon we shall meet,
As we solace with wine-cups the ache of farewell.

WEN T'ING-YUN.

¹ The term, Spring-Palace, is still used in China to connote venery.

² A building of more than one story (*lo*), translated by Professor Herbert A. Giles in this poem as "kiosque."

³ Wang Tzu-ch'iao, attaining immortality six hundred years before Christ, is said to have flown up to heaven on the back of a yellow crane. The building commemorating the event stands by the Yangtze in Wu-chang.

⁴ A statesman of the Füeh Kingdom, in the Chou Dynasty, who helped his monarch overthrow the hostile Wu Kingdom and afterwards refused all reward except Hsi-shih, the famous beauty, whom he took travelling through the Five Lakes.

ART.

A PAINTER OF PICTURES.

THE song of the lark is an ecstasy, the song of the nightingale is passionate; yet these birds and all the singing birds are the quietest of the feathered folk. It is the birds that do not sing, the jackdaw, the magpie, the hawk and the owl, and the multitudinous gossiping sparrows, that are noisy and aggressive and sometimes dangerous. Artists and poets are in this like the singing birds; their life also is song. Michelangelo accepted Savonarola's most fervent doctrines and was a patriot devoted to the Florentine Republic, yet his long life was peaceful; all his energies were concentrated on his art which was passionate and melancholy, mirroring the age in which he lived and making it conscious of itself. For your artist and poet, unless he becomes a rhetorician, is a solitary and self-immersed in his own thoughts and has no desire to impress other people. Yet, though he be ever so anxious to live quietly with his neighbours, he has the artist's courage, without which his art would perish—the courage to be himself. There are always great causes in the world for which men are ready to fight and die. They combat in order that they may be themselves; and if you read history and notice the confused doings of bewildered men you will come to think as I do, that the modest battle the artists constantly wage is about as important as any. "This above all, to thine own self be true" is a maxim more important than most of the moralities which people are so anxious to uphold. It is also the one most neglected.

Anyone who knows my friend Mr. John Sloan and sees him constantly will soon find that he is a man of this kind of quiet courage, the courage of the artist. I have often observed that in the events and catastrophes of everyday life there is a strain, and people are frightened and confused without knowing why, but that a little child keeps its self-possession. It is because it has the courage to listen to its own heart. That is the kind of courage which is sometimes called the sincerity of the artist, and which can reach heroic proportions, as we know from the history of Jean François Millet and others. Mr. Sloan is a veteran in this kind of warfare. It is what makes his conversation so interesting, and it is the same courage and spontaneity which make his pictures so refreshing to the eyes wearied with conventional art. The simplicity of the child is the genius of the artist, for it has the strength to continue; artistic courage and the mature intellect come with it.

The late Mr. Waterhouse, the distinguished English painter, was a friend of mine. One day, just before I came to America, I paid a visit to his studio. He had built up an assemblage of I forgot what objects, and these he was diligently painting. He himself, very like a savant rather than an artist, had all the docility and charm of a great student. His pictures were careful transcriptions of fact, as he saw it with his faithful eyes—photography rather than art, except that over the whole picture was a veil of ideality reminiscent of Burne-Jones, the artist at that time most fashionable in literary circles. Mr. Sloan is neither a savant nor a photographer. He is an artist who lives by vision, a spontaneous vision, like that of a child, when it draws a horse and turns it into a sort of monster with flowing tail and staring eyes.

In the Kraushaar gallery on Fifth Avenue there are two pictures by Mr. Sloan, which are among the best—if they are not the very best—in the exhibition. One

is of Indians dancing at Santa Fé: it is a dream-picture—the figures are dancing phantoms, and the light a dusky glare cast by a hot sun peering through clouds. As I went around that exhibition I returned to it again and again. It is a picture to live with—and I say this although I do not care a straw about either Indians or their dances—and all, I think, because of that dusky glare. The second picture is a sunset and in it is a red cloud which fascinates, because we feel that it carries a menace. It seems to me that in this he has the right idea of a sunset. A sunrise is different: its clouds do not menace; the darkest of them is to the eye of imagination bright with the promise of the radiant day. There is always drama in Mr. Sloan's pictures. For that reason, his landscapes have an exciting quality and a power of eerie suggestion that makes them something apart; a quality which I do not find even in the work of the glorious Turner. In the foreground of the sunset-picture, there is something which does not cohere with the rest, and when I taxed Mr. Sloan with the fact he confessed to me that he had been thinking only of the sunset, and that the foreground was an afterthought, that it had not been part of his vision.

Mr. Waterhouse sought an exact transcription of facts, as seen with the physical eye. So did not Turner, who was so close a student of facts that at his death they counted among his effects twenty thousand sketches from nature; and who yet painted all his great pictures in the seclusion of his studio. And such is not the method of Mr. Sloan, who, like Turner, like all the great artists, works out of vision. What is vision? For the painter it is the picture that is so vivid before his eyes when he makes his first sketch and so vivid when it stands on his easel at the last, an accomplished fact and "the face of his desire"—and yet so lost between these two events in the chaos and tangle of struggle and effort. In the case of Whistler, the picture seen in vision included a frame—he was famous for his eccentric frames.

In these days, painters have become absorbed—not so much in the making of pictures as in discovering some new method of painting. Does there exist a picture by Matisse? Though there is in the Metropolitan Museum an extraordinarily fine group-portrait by Renoir, most of his work that is seen here in New York is not pictures but fragments of pictures and experiments in method. When Renoir refused to call himself an artist, saying that he was only a painter, it seems to me that he was anxious to explain that he was only making experiments. It is true that every painter, like every poet, must remake in adaptation to himself his medium of expression. At the same time, a painter can not be called an artist if he does not go beyond experiment and paint pictures.

Mr. Sloan has found his technique, and paints pictures—multitudes of them—all distinguished by the same quality of imaginative and dramatic design, and all are dream-pictures, illustrating Goethe's maxim, that art is art because it is not nature. Dream pictures! yet of a quiet intensity of realism that reminds me of DeFoe; and sometimes he is jovial like Dickens.

Were I asked what is the artist's message—the poet's message—I should reply that it is that human nature has a perennial charm. Human nature is like the sea, unchanging. To Homer the sea was as salt as it is to us, and whether it lies in calm or rages in storm, there is the same music in our ears as in Homer's. It is because art reflects what never changes that poets and artists do not advance, do not share in the progress that the world boasts of. Homer and Shakespeare are

still supreme and unapproached. Mr. Sloan is not a sentimentalist—knows nothing of the feeling, for which there are many reasons—one is enough—he is of Irish extraction. Yet when at his best he has in a high degree a sense of the perennial charm of humanity. Could he infect us with this feeling, how easy life would become, and what good neighbours we would be to one another. And what is this perennial charm? It is the perennial human vivacity—as ancient as the sea. We are told it makes the angels weep; it certainly causes the moralists and the saints to scold a great deal. To artists and poets and men of imagination it is perennial nourishment and a joy.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A WELL OF ENGLISH UNFILED!

SIRS: I read with much interest Journeyman's notes in the 7 December issue of the *Freeman*, and quite agree with you that the ordinary psychic communications "remind one so inevitably of the sentiment and phraseology of an undertaker's parlour." However, I wish to call your attention to the remarkable poems and novels that are being received from Patience Worth through the mediumship of Mrs. John Curran of St. Louis. I had the privilege of watching Mrs. Curran for three weeks, and no one in this world has ever dictated copy at the rate she went, and never has it been necessary to correct one jot of it. At the time she had five novels on the stocks, and at one session of two hours she added from fifty to two hundred words to each, besides poems and conversation with Patience in between. Only two of her novels have been published, and a few of the poems by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. But there are literally thousands of poems that have not seen the light of day yet, and the *Freeman* could well afford to tap this source of inexhaustible literature for the sake of its literary qualities alone. I am, etc.,
Pasadena, California.

M. H. BEHR.

CONCERNING OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

SIRS: I think that Mr. Edwin Muir in his article, "Against Optimism and Pessimism," in your issue of 7 December, comes even closer than perhaps he is aware to the great secret of existence, when he says in the final sentence of his paper: "to choose, instead of Utopia, life, is itself to attain something which has never yet been attained." Is not the whole business of life simply to live? Some marvellous energy is in us, coursing through us and expressing itself, as the electric lamp expresses itself in outpouring light. Consider, for example the life of a bird. It is enough, for the bird to express, bird-life in all the range of its functions. To fly, to sing, to mate and build its nest and rear its young, perchance to migrate overseas and return, but always to use up to the last what bird-life there is in it is enough in storm or sunshine, winter or summer. Can we have any doubt that the bird would say with the optimists that life is worth while, as long as it could keep on living its bird-life and functioning as a bird, even in the face of very uncomfortable and difficult and hazardous conditions?

So with child-life. Give the growing child a fair chance to live, to express all the budding interests that seek to utter themselves, to do all the things that characterize human childhood in its exuberance, and we never need to ask whether such a child is happy.

The man is like the boy or the bird, except that his range of activities is much wider. This means especially that he is, or ought normally to be, growing into the exercise of his humanity. The difference here is immense. A man who has grown to the height of his physical power and has a good mind in working order, but has not yet fully come to himself as a social creature and begun to know the joy of using the characteristic spiritual qualities of sympathy and good will, or has yet to know a real man's heritage in fulfilling his place in a mutually useful and beneficent social order—I care little what particular form his vision may take—is not yet a man. He suffers from an arrested development. Is it not at this point—the danger-point of self-consciousness and egotism—that we hear depressing complaints of unhappiness, and such questions as to whether life is worth living? In the case of a child, we should at once seek to

discover what part of him was ceasing to function. Is it not extraordinary, then, that grown-up people do not find out what the matter is with them, when the highest and best part of them simply does not work, "Tis life of which our nerves are scant."

Sooner or later a man must find this out, and "come to himself," and henceforth go on his way undistracted and unafraid. He will then scorn to ask whether he is happy or not. Let him take on man's proper function of pouring out and spending life, energy, intelligence, art, skill, good will, faith, in the nearest social enterprise that he can serve—the family, the neighbourhood, the factory or workshop—even a capitalistic business partnership, *provided* he can bring the leverage of a broad humanity to bear upon the management and so make it co-operative in spirit. How indeed do political prisoners in our jails contrive, as they do, to maintain their sanity, their kindness, their manly freedom? It is because it is given to men to see great visions of a noble commonwealth, in the fellowship of which the humblest may be exalted, and every man in any station may have fullness of life in the utterance of his good will. Outflowing life is the real thing to be desired, and happiness is only the deep undertone that reports the entire mechanism as working together, even at the most strenuous moment of exertion, in perfect rhythm of motion. I am, etc.,

Boston, Massachusetts.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

BOOKS.

DEAR OLD EIGHTEENTH CENTURY!

TOWARDS the end of the year the lamentable contest with America commenced, which, as everybody knows, concluded by their total estrangement from the mother country, and to descend from great things to small, just at this time one of my boon companions, Gilly Mahon, an Irish adventurer, who lived by his wits, went off with Miss Russell, a smart dashing girl of good family, she being related to the Earls of Shelburne and Kerry.

Three lines serve to begin and end our Revolutionary War, but the adventures of the elopers in Paris, and afterward in London, run on for several paragraphs. Such is William Hickey: he indeed finds it easy "to descend from great things to small"—and it is precisely his preoccupation with a multiplicity of minor social facts that gives his "Memoirs"¹ most of their value. They suggest an indigenous Casanova, a potential Smollett, an extra-illustrated Hogarth. He is a store-house of eighteenth-century gossip, scandal and adventure. The "clubman" and the "man of the world," who are sometimes indicated in circulars as the likeliest of probable readers for this variety of literature, ought to meet Hickey more than half way with a shout of welcome.

The publishers of these memoirs seem to have scented a second Pepys, and two stout volumes, aggregating eight hundred pages, are to be followed next year by a third. Yet there are differences. Pepys, antedating Hickey by a hundred years, enjoys the advantage of speaking for a period not so fully documented as that of George III. Pepys, too, has his own decorums. If he accepts bribes of silver plate at the Navy Office and philanders with his wife's serving-maids, he has the grace to record his lapses in cipher. When Hickey steals from his father and his father's clients or passes along in an endless chain from one light-o'-love to another, he sets it all down openly in a laborious "clean copy" which minimizes his editor's efforts and throws everything wide to the world.

Hickey, of Irish extraction and London-born, was the son of an attorney who served as legal adviser to Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, among others; and William the son finally established himself, in turn, as a lawyer in India. After more than

¹ "Memoirs of William Hickey, 1749-1782." Edited by Alfred Spencer. 2 vols. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$10.00.

one attempt, however. His disgusted and despairing father threw him first to Canton, and he bounced back; next to Jamaica, and he bounced back again; next to Calcutta, and he bounced back a third time. Then, after an interlude in Lisbon, he tried India once more. This time he stuck. He made a respected place for himself and remained in it until it was time to return and write his book. However, his entrance into the penumbra of full respectability seems to be reserved for the volume yet to come.

His prodigious voyagings put half of his many chapters afloat and involve a catalogue of ships that would delight a Homer, a Masefield doubling the Cape, or a Hergesheimer busy about the port of Salem: "Dolphin," "Osterley," "New Shoreham," "Hampshire," "Lovely Susan," "Plassey," "Triton," "Earl of Lincoln," "Royal Charlotte." Sometimes they sail in a fleet for the Orient; sometimes they venture singly toward wild coasts and desolate islands. They face hurricanes in the English Channel and typhoons in the China seas. They encounter pirates, privateers, smugglers, plague, scurvy, what you will. On Hickey's return from Jamaica to London the ship sprang a leak and had to put in to Charleston. Thus he grazed our shores during the early days of the Revolution. The Captain, holding the Americans to be "the basest and most unprincipled people under the sun," expected nothing less than to be made a prize of. However, he bethought himself to memorialize the governor, presenting his plight as an act of Providence. The dastardly Americans allowed him to repair and refit and gave him a start of twenty leagues from their shore. No wonder that Hickey, in London a few months later, is found as one of a band of American sympathizers who "condemned the folly and injustice of the Government in endeavouring to dragoon the Americans into unconditional surrender." He went even further: he encouraged a nautical friend to change the name of his cutter, plying in the Channel, from the "Henrietta" (the name of his wife) to the "Congress." "All hands instantly filling a bumper, we drank, 'Success to the 'Congress'!'" and the newly-christened boat began a conspicuous course of protest and propaganda about the Isle of Wight. The actual suggestion for the change was made, curiously enough, by that stormy petrel, Sir George Gordon, whose destructive activities in the London of 1780 are known to all readers of "Barnaby Rudge." Hickey reports him "then," as "a gay, volatile, and elegant young man, of the most affable and engaging manners." Could three or four years transform him into the lank, lugubrious fanatic imagined by Dickens's illustrator?

But it is William Hickey ashore rather than William Hickey afloat who claims our chief interest; and it is William Hickey ashore in the West End of London. Here he was one of the "hard-goers," as he calls them. No book I know gives a more detailed and vivid picture of the rowdy-dowdy life of London at that period. William Hickey seems to have sought the very heart of the hurly-burly—riots, duels, elopements; murders, suicides and conflagrations (preferably with loss of life); bagnios and gambling dens; playhouses and pleasure gardens; river-parties and dining-clubs. "Gin Lane" and "The Rake's Progress" live again. Hickey might have been—as it seems after a reading of his second volume—another, if lesser, Fielding by the mere turn of his hand. He is especially strong on his own precocious and disorderly youth—a living of a "Tom Jones" before a writing of it. How an elderly professional man of position, even with the excuse of filling up what he calls a "comparatively absolute leis-

sure," could have deliberately sat down to depict with such fullness, frankness and complacency his peculiarly discreditable twenties really ranks among the curiosities of human nature. What a consciousness of reserves of propriety (yet to be disclosed) must have sustained him!

The hearty and tumultuous life of the times is nothing, however, without a specific example or two. They follow: In 1773, we find Mr. Bate, a clergyman, in the company of Mrs. Hartley, an actress, at Vauxhall, during the troublous days of the "Mohawks," that band of rowdyish young men of fortune and position. Mrs. Hartley is insulted by three of these young gentlemen; blows; exchange of cards; next day a duel arranged. Suddenly enters a fourth person in military uniform, asserting that he too was insulted by the clergyman and demanding satisfaction. Mr. Bate puzzled but interrogative: where shall they fight, and when, and how? Here and now, replies the other, laying aside his sword and putting up his fists. Mr. Bate, quite certain that he has to do with an imposter and a blackguard, as indeed he has: the fellow being a pugilistically gifted footman in the service of one of the other three. But the man of God asks no further questions. He puts up his own fists, knocks the rascal out, and so sweeps the rest of them from the board.

Dear old England! Dear old eighteenth century! Later on, Mr. Hickey and a young nobleman have to determine whether a certain frail creature shall live with one of them in the country or with the other in town. The matter is decided over the dinner-table, with a carving-knife and a poker. On another occasion, we have Mr. Hickey with three or four intimates, going about town in a hackney-coach and finding the pace too slow. A sword-point pricks the driver from behind; he responds with the butt-end of his whip . . .

Again dear old England! Dear old eighteenth century! Mr. Hickey, in his quieter moments, devotes considerable attention to the table. He runs through an endless succession of inns and taverns; once, about 1781, he dines at a "hotel"—one of the earliest in England—but finds it no better than his accustomed taverns. On another occasion he dines luxuriously in a well-stocked post chaise on the Portsmouth road: "a nice-looking roast chicken, cold tongue, sandwiches of ham and beef, and a bottle of Madeira, with glasses and all the etceteras." Wherever he is victuals pile up monstrously and wine flows like water. Everybody drinks; everybody gets drunk; everybody grows violently quarrelsome, and almost everybody slides under the table. Hickey can forgive every one but a stingy host and everything but a skimpy dinner.

I have implied that Hickey, with his accumulated knowledge of life and his unbounded zest for it, might have taken place as a successor of Fielding and Smollett. His first volume is indeed rather choppy, but his second is full of passages and episodes that are both elaborate and well-sustained. What might he not have done, in a formal fiction, with the "Emily" who provided the chicken and Madeira on the post-road, or with the "Charlotte" whose future was decided between the carving-knife and the poker! Both are exhibited at many other junctures, and both offer full-length portraits. Hickey, besides a keen eye for character, has a great aptitude for descriptions of scenery and action—moving adventures the world over, and each in its well-secured milieu. He has also a lively style (with good capacity for dialogue, on occasion)—discourse spiced by the spelling and grammar of his period.

Take him all in all, he ought perhaps to disgust; but, in effect, he almost charms. What is there about the eighteenth-century realists that helps them to escape so largely the odiousness of the realists of to-day? The ground is too familiar for much formal philosophizing; yet Fielding suggests, somehow, an upland pasture which, however betrodden and defiled, gets itself gloriously resanitated by sun and air, while many of to-day's practitioners bring too readily to mind the static filth of some cellar or sewer to which the refreshing offices of sunlight and ventilation are denied. The eighteenth century had a better mental digestion than we—almost any rough and hearty crudity had its good hope of being wrestled with successfully—or of being bolted and assimilated without any wrestle at all. To those who possess the same capacity in the present day, the rollicking, racy and unabashed pages of Hickey will make a vigorous appeal.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A CONVERTED ICONOCLAST.

In his latest book, "Storia di Cristo,"¹ Signor Giovanni Papini, the roaring lion of Italian letters, becomes as meek as a lamb, and bleats a tale of repentance and warning through nearly seven hundred pages. There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of Signor Papini's conversion. He states his case plainly enough in his foreword, declaring his faith in the world of Revelation and in the dogmas of the Catholic Church. He recants in expiatory tones and calls his work a book to refashion souls. He tells us how he once wrote a book about a man who wished to become God, and now, in the maturity of his years and conscience, he has tried to write the life of a God who became a man. He writes not as an old man weary of life, for he is still young, but in the hope of recalling a forgotten, betrayed Christ. "The world to-day seeks peace rather than liberty, and there is no certain peace except under the yoke of Christ."

The notion, then, of some of his friends that Signor Papini is merely returning to a former state of mind is not true; one has but to read, in his first book, "The Twilight of the Philosophers," the penetrating attack upon Nietzsche to appreciate the very different conception of Christ that was then entertained by the youthful iconoclast; and there is his "L'Altra Metà," in which the young author attempted to set forth a philosophy of Mephistophelian negation.

This most recent biography of Christ is the work of a man whose whole life has been a literary paradox, a restless procession through all the isms, a source of non-poetic poetry, of non-fictional fiction, of non-philosophic philosophy, of non-critical criticism. To many Americans, Signor Papini's early polemical style suggests a comparison with Mr. H. L. Mencken; his epigrammatic clarity, his gift for vituperation, his relish for full-mouthing language and what might be called a certain rough beauty. The "Storia di Cristo," however, shows little of the external characteristics of the early fighter, though the element of paradox is still there—indeed it would not be surprising if the book for all its sincerity and occasionally maudlin acceptance, were placed upon the Index on account of what may be called its irreligious religiosity. It is, in fact, almost too sincere; it is marked by all the earnestness and patience of a new convert to the faith. It repeats its variations upon the old, old theme with the unending devotion of a liturgical chant. In a word, the book is far too long.

As far as achieving its purpose is concerned, the book represents the aborting of an intellect. The war has created in Signor Papini a sense of the need for a literal carrying out of the teachings of the New Testament, reinterpreted in Christ's own fashion. Signor Papini's Christ of to-day, unlike that earlier Christ to which some of the author's friends fondly believe he has returned, is essentially a man of peace—a pacifist, come to change a world

ruled by the unholy trinity of Wotan, whose symbol is the Sword and whose temple is the Barracks; Mammon, whose symbol is Gold and whose temple is the Exchange; Priapus, whose symbol is the Phallus and whose temple is the Brothel.

The book is of value primarily as a human document, as a psychological study. When Renan wrote his "Life of Jesus," he said in his introduction:

To write the history of a religion, it is necessary first to have believed it—otherwise, we should not be able to understand how it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience; in the second place, to believe it no longer in an absolute manner, for absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history.

Signor Papini reverses these conditions. He approaches his subject after a career of swirling disbelief, although in everything he has written may be discerned his hunger for a faith—a hunger which apparently is satisfied at last.

Signor Papini's Jesus, like Renan's, appeals "less to the conscience than to the aesthetic sense." The book is written in a beautiful limpid Italian that at times sounds like music to the ear. Analogy, historical parallels and pious symbolism run rife; at one point his interpretations seem incredibly naïve, at another he pours forth a flood of burning words that is the very stuff of poetry; in the beginning he invests the early life of Jesus with the interest belonging to a hero of romance. Half way through the book, however, after the beauty of the author's idiom has been dulled by surfeit, one confesses to a feeling of boredom which is relieved here and there by characteristic flashes of genius. Signor Papini's response to the war is to be found in this discharge of his pent-up emotions. The conflict is, to him, "a deluge of blood" that is destined to usher in the divine springtime.

Signor Papini's Jesus reflects the author's own disillusionment. Jesus is, to him, a transmuter of values, the sayer of "the Nay of sanctity to the deluding Yeas of the world," the Anti-Moses, the Anti-Satan, the Anti-Circe, the Anti-Nietzsche, though the last of these terms is not used by the author. Jesus, it seems, is, moreover, like Signor Papini, a maker of paradoxes—"the Divine Paradoxer." The chapter, "La Vigilia," contains an admirable treatise in little on the psychology of the convert, which is plainly the author's analysis of his own case. There is, one feels, a certain pride in the self-consolation of his penitence. "To be tempted by Satan is an indication of purity, a sign of greatness. . . . He who has known Satan and has looked him squarely in the face may have hope of himself. . . ."

Such is the Papini of the "Storia di Cristo," a Papini without a sense of humour, a Papini who preserves a certain sad independence in the midst of his seeming renunciation, a Papini who, if he is not more Papist than the Pope, will undoubtedly strike most Christians as being more Christian than Christ himself.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

"THE excuse for writing another history of the Reformation," says Dr. Smith in his introduction to "The Age of the Reformation," "is the need for putting that movement in its proper relations to the economic and intellectual revolutions of the sixteenth century."

Dr. Smith represents the Reformation as one of three bridges connecting the mediæval with the modern world—the other two being the Renaissance and the economic revolution which occurred with the supplanting of the mediæval economic system. There is an intimate relation between these three movements. They each and all express, in different forms, the successful revolt of a vital individualism against a petrified authoritarianism. The apostle of the new faith who challenged the decisions of the Church, the humanist who broke away from mediæval scholasticism, the merchant or manufacturer or banker who abandoned mediæval methods of production and finance, all these typical figures of the sixteenth century,

¹ "Storia di Cristo." Giovanni Papini. Firenze: Vallecchi editore.

¹ "The Age of the Reformation." Preserved Smith. New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$6.00.

however much they differed among themselves, were unconsciously obeying in their revolt the same impulse for a larger measure of self-expression.

Regardless of their good or bad consequences, the religious, intellectual and economic revolutions of the sixteenth century were historically inevitable. They were the result of forces which had long been working within the body of mediæval society. The shift to capitalist methods of production, which profoundly affected the course of the Reformation, was largely precipitated by two circumstances: the discovery of America and of the new route to Asia, and a marked increase in the supply of gold and silver. Both these developments helped to strengthen the power of the class of merchants and bankers to a point where they were able to challenge successfully the supremacy of the feudal nobility.

These new commercial magnates were generally inclined to favour the cause of the Reformers. The seizure and sale of Church property constituted a tempting bait to men who were eager to exchange their money for land and patents of nobility. Moreover, the expansion of trade and industry everywhere favoured the formation of strong centralized governments that were not inclined to tolerate the extreme claims of the mediæval Church. The merchants were no longer willing to permit their goods to be plundered by every petty baron; and the sixteenth century witnessed a general increase in the power of the Crown at the expense of the nobles. The political philosophy of many of the early Reformers, who transferred to the national State many of the powers which they denied to the cosmopolitan Church, was in harmony with this tendency.

Furthermore, the psychological kinship between Protestantism and modern capitalism is unmistakable. It is not an accident that the countries in which capitalism has attained its highest development, England, America and Germany are predominantly Protestant.

The chief merit of Dr. Smith's work lies in its recognition of the intimate connexion between the Reformation and the other social movements of the time. The chapters which deal with the political aspects of the Reformation maintain a high standard of objective fairness, although one feels that the author is personally more familiar and more sympathetic with the Protestant point of view than with the Catholic.

A. C. FREEMAN.

WISDOM FROM THE HEIGHTS.

"No one," said Renan, "can hold as truth what his mind leads him, rightly or wrongly, to find untrue." Bishops, politicians and educators have not infrequently been inclined to allow much less latitude for belief. In "Scholarship and Service,"¹ Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler comes at the subject by way of several considerations of the matter of academic freedom and the matter of liberty in general. Dr. Butler protests conspicuously his affection for these things. He is also careful to qualify them. Academic freedom, we gather, is the freedom of a professor to say what he believes, as long as it does not differ from the belief of the ruling powers of the institution. As for liberty, declares Dr. Butler:

There is no recognized doctrine of human liberty which extends to the individual the unchallenged right to take his own life. If he attempts it he is forcibly prevented, and if he attempts it and fails, he is punished. What is true of an individual is true likewise of men's associations in the State and in the Church. There comes a time when dissent takes on the form of suicide or assault with intent to kill, and when, therefore, it is prevented and punished. . . . When found and demonstrated, truth is to be recognized and acted upon. It will not do for some one else to say that he has a wholly contrary conception of truth, or that truth for him means something quite other than truth for anyone else.

Obviously where belief is concerned Dr. Butler is at the opposite pole from Renan. He would spurn the *laissez-faire* attitude of Pilate. His is rather the point of view of Caiaphas; his words might serve as a defence of the crucifixion.

This collection of Dr. Butler's academic addresses covers the period of twenty years since he became president

of Columbia University. The first of these addresses, delivered back in the innocent days at the close of the Mark Hanna period, are marked by a certain complacency. The world seemed comfortably static then. But in the more recent outgivings, a note of apprehension, even of indignation, creeps in. Dr. Butler's young men are warned against the fickle destructiveness of the crowd, against demagogues, against unrest, against upstart theories that betray irreverence for the past, and for constituted authority, and even for the sacred bulwark of private privilege.

Dr. Butler's language is concise, and generally clear, as befits the head of the largest educational emporium in America. The quality of his thought requires no subtleties. Secretary Hughes has been said to possess the best eighteenth-century mind in the United States. Perhaps some of Dr. Butler's friends might be inclined to dispute this. Certainly this educator is a steadfast defender of things as they were.

Of the later addresses many have the war for their theme. They were delivered during our brief but expensive excursion into the conflict, and after the world was made safe for those for whom it is now safe. Dr. Butler was careful to explain to the young idea that the Allied Powers were forced into the conflict because of "a wrongful infringement of human liberty." In his expositions he became almost lyrical. "The heart of man has made an inarticulate cry, and the world has heard it. It is a cry for those fundamental things that lie at the very foundation of a reasonable and moral life. It is a cry for the weak against the strong," and so on in the familiar language of the politicians.

Perhaps it was necessary to spur the young men with such tootings. But even after the necessity had passed, Dr. Butler continued to be lyrical, and, it would seem, needlessly ruthless with the verities. "You have aided, and powerfully aided, in giving the world a peace . . . that will last so long as justice rules the hearts and guides the conduct of men," he told his young warriors at the end of 1918. Then, in June, 1920, we find the educational mentor, in the face of all his carefully developed personal-devil theory of the late unpleasantness, calmly informing his charges that if "the lust of Teutonic imperialism" had not started the war in 1914, it would probably have come anyway in a few years. "The beast in man lies very near the surface," he added, by way of settling the matter. One gathers that Columbia students have little to learn from the head of their great institution about the causes of wars in general and of the late war in particular.

The State, the Church and the university, Dr. Butler exalts into a social trinity, and thus it seems appropriate that he should adopt the euphuistic patter of the politician and the priest. He speaks flowingly of the noble mission and the splendid goal, with becoming indefiniteness. With similar decorous vagueness he urges culture and spiritual uplift. In a lucid moment at the opening address in 1912, however, he besought the boys to pass their time "in company with the poetry of Alfred Tennyson," which he described as "a comfort and a delight to all intelligent persons." Possibly Dr. Butler found particular comfort and delight in reading Tennyson's lines addressed to Cambridge University.

There is perhaps an inevitable lack of variety about these academic *aves* and *vales*. Drowsing over them, one wishes that Dr. Butler had reprinted his political addresses instead, for they are more enlivening, in spite of the fact that Dr. Butler has had a conspicuous career as university president, while his various candidacies for the Republican nomination for the presidency of the United States have been lamentably inconspicuous. Also his political speeches present a far greater variety of matter and opinion. There are, for instance, his addresses at Lake Mohonk in 1912 and preceding years, when Dr. Butler proudly wore the Prussian order of the Red Eagle with Star, and singled out the Kaiser for special praise as an agency for world-peace, even intimating that he deserved the Nobel Peace Prize; and there are also his later post-war speeches in which the Kaiser seems scarcely the same old Bill. There is his thumping harangue before the

¹ "Scholarship and Service." Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Republican State Convention in New York in 1912, in which he made it plain that he considered the late Mr. Roosevelt a demagogue, a near-socialist and "a political patent-medicine man"; and his speech before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York in February, 1919, in which he solemnly lauded St. Theodore and declared that his public service was "a landmark in the history of our nation." Then there is his splendid oration, a bit before the accident at Sarajevo, in which he demonstrated that the idea of a European war was ridiculous, and, exalting the pacific intent of European statesmen, exclaimed ironically: "Have all these men daggers in their hands and subtle poisons in their pockets?"

It is inspired passages such as these, in his excursions into the larger domain of world-affairs, rather than his intramural talks, that reveal the true versatility of the man, and his measure of greatness, not only as educator and philosopher, but as prophet and seer, a worthy educational high priest of the booboisie. In fact, it is not too much praise to say that at his best Dr. Butler is only a step from the sublime.

H. K.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MILTON was a poet of such definitely, not to say fanatically political convictions, that he employed a good part of his time and strength in writing pamphlets. It is true that Milton never thought of them otherwise than as pamphlets. In his poetry, Milton was another being—capable, no doubt, of doing considerable harm to the English language, but capable also of drawing such interesting and thoroughly unregenerate creatures as Delilah and Satan. Not a poet for all tastes, possibly, but still a poet, not a pamphleteer. Sir William Watson reverses Milton's procedure and writes his pamphlets as poetry. In "The Purple East," appropriately named, he began the process by flaunting the rags of Miltonic utterance in England's face for her abandonment of Armenia. Somewhat before the war he began to warn England in the matter of Germany—and, of course, during the war he continued in the same strain. After the armistice, he was silent for a time. But now that the stage is set in Ireland for England's worst catastrophe, he must perforce appear on the scene, carefully take up his position and speak his little piece on behalf of Ireland.¹ One can not help wishing that he had abstained from touching on this theme. No Englishman should ever handle it. After the devastation that has gone on in Ireland, to write mock-congratulatory sonnets to Sir Hamar Greenwood is like trying to put out a fire with a water-squirt. The gesture lacks dignity. Besides, Pearce, Plunkett and MacSwiney have already by their actions and words made anything else unnecessary.

J. G. F.

AUSTIN DOBSON was a writer of light verse the crispness and candour of which entitles him to a place with Prior, Praed, Hood and Locker-Lampson—with the most successful practitioners of that delicate and difficult genre. His distinction in prose is somewhat less definite and less secure, but not less unmistakable. In a certain type of semi-biographical essay, designed to preserve the silhouette of some nearly or wholly forgotten celebrity, he has no competitor in recent English letters. His profound but gracefully handled knowledge of the eighteenth century, in particular, gives to his essay—as indeed to his verse—its own special flavour of archaic gentility. The volume which appeared shortly before his death, "Later Essays, 1917-1920,"² may be taken as a companion to the three series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" which include so much of his most characteristic work. Here are the same compact, workmanlike and somewhat over-allusive papers on minor eighteenth-century figures: on the barrister Thomas Edwards, who in his "Canons of Criticism" lampooned so fatally the great Warburton's edition of Shakespeare; on the learned physician, Dr. Heberden, who numbered Dr. Johnson, Cowper, Richardson and George III among his patients; on "Hermes" Harris, the erudite philologist and grammarian; on the formidable blue-stocking, Mrs. Carter, who translated Epictetus; on the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI in his last hours. It is a sober, even a sedate little volume, and it illustrates how incapable Austin Dobson was of attempting or achieving the big bow-wow strain of some of his contemporaries. It is for this reason that

he ingratiate himself: in an age which shouted for "great figures" he had the quiet courage to accept a place in the second rank.

N. A.

IN quite a racy manner, Mr. Whiting Williams tells us in "Full Up and Fed Up!"³ what he thinks is the matter with the British workingman as judged by his own experiences in Britain as a day-labourer, as a worker in a factory, and as a mill-hand. Mr. Williams lived the life and did the work of a workingman not from necessity, but from a desire to make investigations and to write a book thereon. As a result, he seems to have had a thoroughly good time. He tells us how, unshaven and unkempt, he used to listen to the woes of the worker and then, after a wash and brush-up, he would interview some famous scholar, or employer of labour. In this way he seems to have acquired considerable dexterity as a quick change artist. Mr. Williams gives us some interesting pen-pictures of British labour-leaders who, in his opinion, are better trained and better educated men than the average trade-union leader in America. As a result of his investigations, Mr. Williams comes to the conclusion that there are millions of workers in the world whose real need is a steady job. In England, however, he found that there are more men than jobs. The country is "full up." It is, moreover, "fed up," partly as a result of the intolerable housing-conditions, and partly as a result of the war. Altogether it is not a very cheerful picture that Mr. Williams presents.

H. B.

READERS of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's earlier one-act play, "Where the Cross is Made," will find in "Gold"⁴ a curious experiment. The author has re-written that one act and made it the dénouement of a four-act play, elaborating in striking detail the weird story which was the point of departure of the early drama. He begins with the shipwrecked men on the desert island, crazy with thirst, shows how they find the junk which they believe to be treasure, and then describes their return, obsessed with the idea of the gold they have buried on the island. The madness of Captain Bartlett, the torture of his mind haunted by the murders he has committed in every sense but the actual striking of the blow, the gradual infection of his son with the delusion of the ship that will never return from her voyage in search of the treasure—all these elements of Mr. O'Neill's powerful melodrama are greatly strengthened in this form, as compared with the summary treatment permitted by the shorter play. If there is any profound symbolical significance beneath this story, the author has failed to convey it, but he has achieved another of those wild, elemental tales of the sea, packed with crude life and imagination, which gave a peculiar savour to the collection of his plays in the volume entitled "The Moon of the Caribbees." It is this quality of vital energy which gives distinction to all Mr. O'Neill's work, and justifies the hopes of those who regard him as the most original of contemporary American dramatists.

E. A. B.

THE recent observance of Signor Giovanni Verga's eightieth birthday occasioned a sudden recollection that the grand old man of Italian letters is still alive, and in more than the merely corporeal sense. The new movement away from the easy futilities of exaggerated speech and image owes not a little to him, and the better of the young writers have more or less openly acknowledged him as a spiritual influence. Signor Russo's book⁵ is the fullest expression we have yet had of the Italian debt to Signor Verga; it is carefully, if elaborately, worked out and renders homage with less adulation than critical appreciation. It reconstructs Signor Verga's personality as well as his labours, and the only danger is that, once having read the book, some readers will feel it almost unnecessary to proceed to the fountainhead; for the author is liberal in extracts, and at times repetitious in emphasis. If known here at all, Signor Verga appears as the author whose "Cavalleria Rusticana" provided Signor Mascagni with a libretto. Few seem to have read the translation, "The House by the Medlar Tree," made from Signor Verga's remarkable Sicilian novel, "I Malavoglia," which in the Italian, crowns the writer's work. Signor Verga's "verism" which is inadequately rendered by the word "realism" is not merely a literary influence, but is a vital aspect of his personality, even as his "impersonality" represents an intense human pity and understanding. His style is the natural reflection of a peo-

¹ "Ireland Unfreed, Poems of 1921." Sir William Watson. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.00.

² "Later Essays, 1917-1920." Austin Dobson. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.25.

³ "Full Up! and Fed Up!" Whiting Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

⁴ "Gold: a Play in Four Acts." Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.

⁵ "Giovanni Verga." Luigi Russo. Napoli: Ricciardi Editore.

ple that is resigned, fatalistic, simple, honest, conscious of inferiority. There is, in his aloof pity, something of the Hardy whose life in England almost parallels Verga's in Italy. For his portrayal of the fisher-folk, he has been likened to Synge. Signor Russo insists upon the unity of the man's work, pointing out that it is his mature art that makes his masterpieces, rather than any new style, outlook or content. His youthful productions served as a spiritual purgative, a process of mental hygiene and catharsis; and the critic indicates their importance as a fund of inner biography. In his aesthetics Signor Russo reveals the influence of Croce. I.G.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

"The Red-Blood," says Mr. Lowes Dickinson, "is happiest if he dies in the prime of life; otherwise, he may easily end with suicide." The hero of Jack London's auto-biographical novel, "Martin Eden," actually does commit suicide; and if Jack London himself died at forty, it was not, we are obliged to believe, entirely against his own will; the "Long Sickness," as he called it, had got the best of him. The Red-Blood evidently is not quite what he seems, the strong man rejoicing in his strength and spreading himself like the green bay tree: he protests too much for that. The heroes who lived before Achilles knew nothing of the strenuous life, for there was no division in their members; they took the day as it came, following courage and wisdom as a sinking star, and freely left the rest to fate. The Red-Blood is in a different case; he is, oddly enough, the most neurotic of men. Whatever his physical equipment may be, he is always the victim of an exaggerated sense of inferiority that drives him to assert himself; he wants to "beat" society, and this desire inhibits his own growth. So it appears to have been with Jack London. The strangest impression one derives from Mrs. London's "Book"¹ is of a man in whom the will-to-power long survived the will-to-live.

JACK LONDON's note was from the first the note of an abnormal self-assertiveness. Take any of those early stories that reveal his talent in its freshness: was ever a talent more obvious or better calculated to stun the public? I am not thinking so much of the content of all this work, its typically American glorification of the will, its repudiation of the intelligence, the relief it brought to a sedentary race of half-mechanized city-dwellers by evoking a world in which nothing exists but an abounding physical energy. But consider the style, the treatment, that brazen style, that noisy style; never for an instant does the performer shift his foot from the loud pedal. And beside the swagger of the style there is the swagger of the incidents. "The boom, sweeping with terrific force across the boat, carried the angry correspondent overboard with a broken back." It was quite unnecessary for this man to be swept overboard or to have his back broken, the story did not require it—but Jack London had to maintain his pace. He wanted to dazzle the reader. If his characters are not so much human beings as ninepins whom he bowls over with a turn of the hand, it is because, in his egomania, he never opened himself to life. His desire was to score, to dominate, to succeed, and for this reason (as he knew very well himself) he failed as an artist.

EVERY one who has read "Martin Eden" remembers how the hero of that novel smarted under the contempt of the people among whom he was thrown. No one could have had a more passionate desire to excel, but stronger than the passion to excel was the passion to beat the enemy at his own game. Why has this happened so often with American writers who are born, as Jack London was born, on the outer edge of society? It was not so with Dickens, it was not so with Gorky: if poverty stimulated their ambition, it was an ambition to excel alone, not to convince the town banker that they too could make money. The story of Jack London's apprenticeship, as he has told it himself more than once, would have been one of the great episodes in American literary history had his motives not been so curiously mixed. On the one hand, he had an

absolutely disinterested thirst for knowledge, for science, thought, art; on the other, from the beginning, he was, as he said, "in pursuit of dollars, dollars, dollars," and it was not long before the desire to break down the resistance of the magazines had supplanted every other in his mind. "Lucrative mediocrity?" he writes at twenty-three. "I know, if I escape drink, that I shall be surely driven to it. My God! if I have to dedicate my life to it, I shall sell work to Frank A. Munsey. I'll buck up against them just as long as I can push a pen or they can retain a MS reader about the premises." After that he took no chances. He blundered into his first marriage (as we can see between the lines of Mrs. London's biography) in order to escape from another woman with whom he was in love but who, as he realized, would have kept his artistic conscience uneasily awake. He settled down to a strict, business-like routine. At twenty-nine he wrote to a friend: "So you're going to begin writing for money! Forgive me for rubbing it in. You're changed since several years ago when you placed ART first and dollars afterward."

LIKE many other American writers Jack London convinced himself that in all this he was taking a superior line. "After all," he continues, in the same letter, "there's nothing like life; and I, for one, have always stood, and shall always stand, for the exalting of the life that is in me over Art, or any other extraneous thing." A fine bit of rationalizing, as the psycho-analysts call it. Another is the materialist philosophy by which he convinced himself that "man is not a free agent, and free will is a fallacy exploded by science long ago." Jack London became an expert at this game. At twenty-eight he took into his employ a Korean valet to look after his wardrobe and dress him in the morning. "Why tie my own shoes," said Jack, "when I can have it done by some one whose business it is, while I am improving my mind or entertaining the fellows who drop in?" He went so far as to assert that success to this tune was a service to "the Cause": to "show them" that socialists were not derelicts and failures had a certain propaganda value." So he said, so he believed, and he piled up the dollars and became a sort of cowboy magnate. But what did his behaviour really mean? "Every moment energy incarnate," says Mrs. London, "he rushed and crowded as if to preclude thinking of aught except the work or the recreation of the moment. Speed, speed!—and he began saving for a big red motor-car to mend the general pace." And here is a memorandum of his own: "I never had time to bore myself—do you know I never have a moment with myself—am always doing something when I am alone—I shall work till midnight to-night, then bed, and read myself to sleep." From what was he trying to escape?

MRS. LONDON does not tell us, in spite of a number of ominous reference to the "Long Sickness" and her husband's desperate efforts to "drug the perception of futility." She does not quote his remark: "I know better than to give this truth, as I have seen it, in my books. The bubbles of illusion, the pap of pretty lies are the true stuff of stories." Her narrative, indeed, cloaks in a heavy, rosy veil of romance the bitter cynicism of this lovable soul whose one fear was to look himself in the face. Yet it is, for all that, a very suggestive comment on the real character of the "Red Blood." The more he asserts himself the more we become aware that he is not his own master—a damaging discovery if it is true, as Mr. Dickinson says, that "the Red-Blood nation *par excellence* is the American."

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Vision and Design," by Roger Fry. New York: Brentano's.

\$7.50

"Sea and Sardinia," by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seftzer. \$5.00

"The Foundations of Sovereignty and Other Essays," by Harold Laski. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.50

"Through the Russian Revolution," by Albert Rhys Williams. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00

¹ "The Book of Jack London." Charmian London. 2 vols. New York: The Century Company. \$10.00.

The Boston
Evening Transcript
prints this:

MASQUERADES

CXXXV. THE REACTIONARY

We hear a great deal
About him nowadays,
And to judge
By the wrath he arouses
In the minds of writers
For such papers
As The Nation
And The Freeman,
It might be imagined
That he wears horns.
As a matter of fact,
He is simply the man
Or the woman
Who in times past
Was known by
The ancient
And honourable word
Conservative.

E. F. E.

and we venture to
add this word:

ANOTHER MASQUERADE

CHEAP IN TORY'S CLOTHING

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With convictions.
One doesn't need to agree with him
To respect him.
What makes us mad
Is to observe
How some citizens try
To get away with the credit
That attaches to the Tory
Without being willing
To wear the label,
Because it connotes the past,
Whilst they affect a relation
To the present.
Those citizens
Often call themselves
Conservatives.

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